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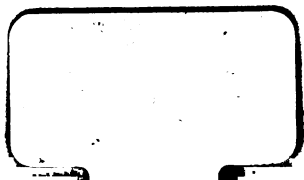
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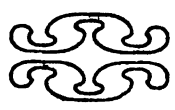
Eastern Canada

and  The People There-In

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**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS**  
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— BY —

EDGAR DUPUYS



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SAN FRANCISCO

1912



Eastern Canada

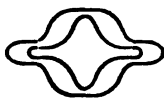
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The People There-In

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**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS**  
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By **EDGAR DUPUYS**.

Author of "Californians and Mormons," — "Republicanism
in France," — "The Paris Commune," —
"The French and the Germans," — "The Stage," —
"Philological and Historical Chart," etc.



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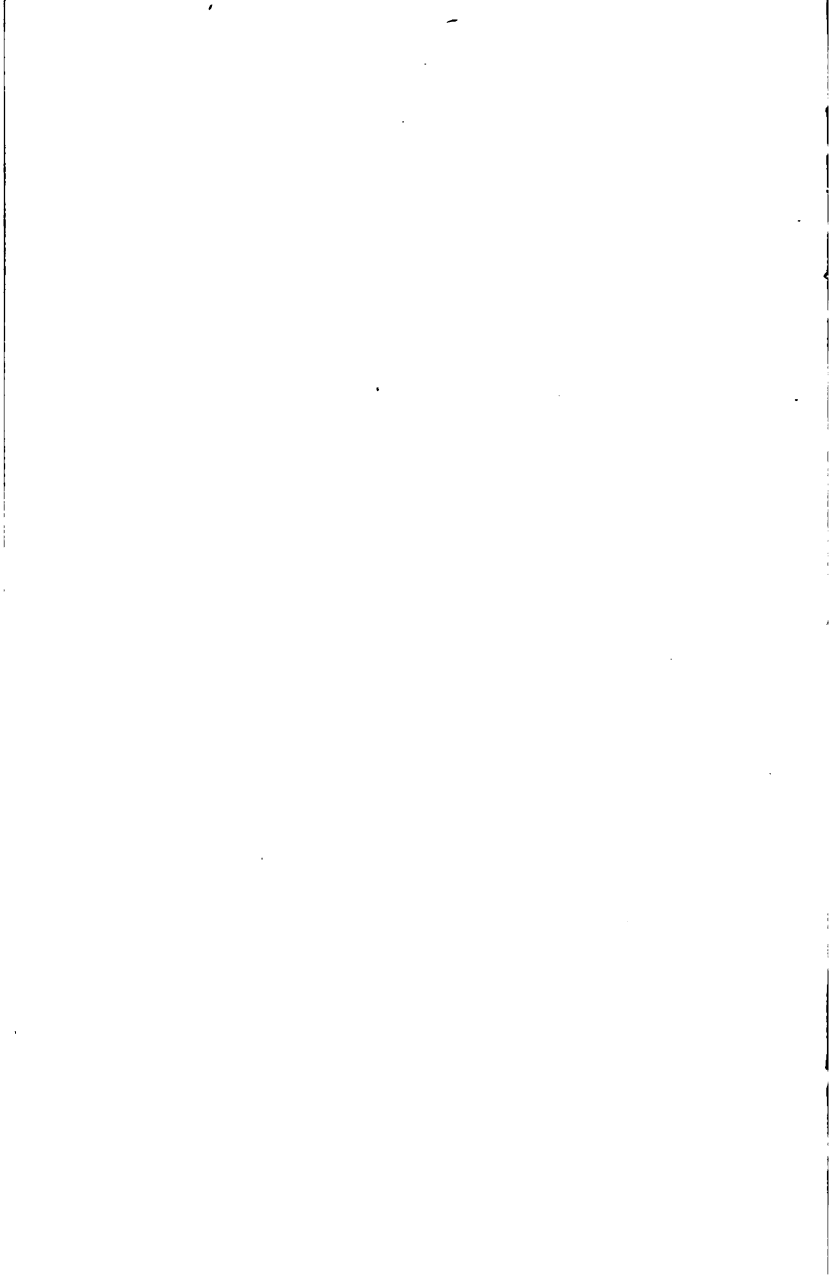
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PREFACE

THIS BOOK is the outcome of a nearly two years' tour of observation through the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. The West is the land of the great future we are told ; possibly, but the East is the land of the historic past and, I venture to say, of the great future as well. At any rate, the Eastern Provinces, the cradle of Canada and the architect of the Confederation are of more absorbing interests to the students of economics than the western prairies. I found Eastern Canada an exceptionally rich field for the study of men and things. Obviously I made the best of opportunities in my daily contact with people of every condition in urban and rural life. I found many things worthy of praise and other things deserving censure. The salient characteristics of a people are like a picture,

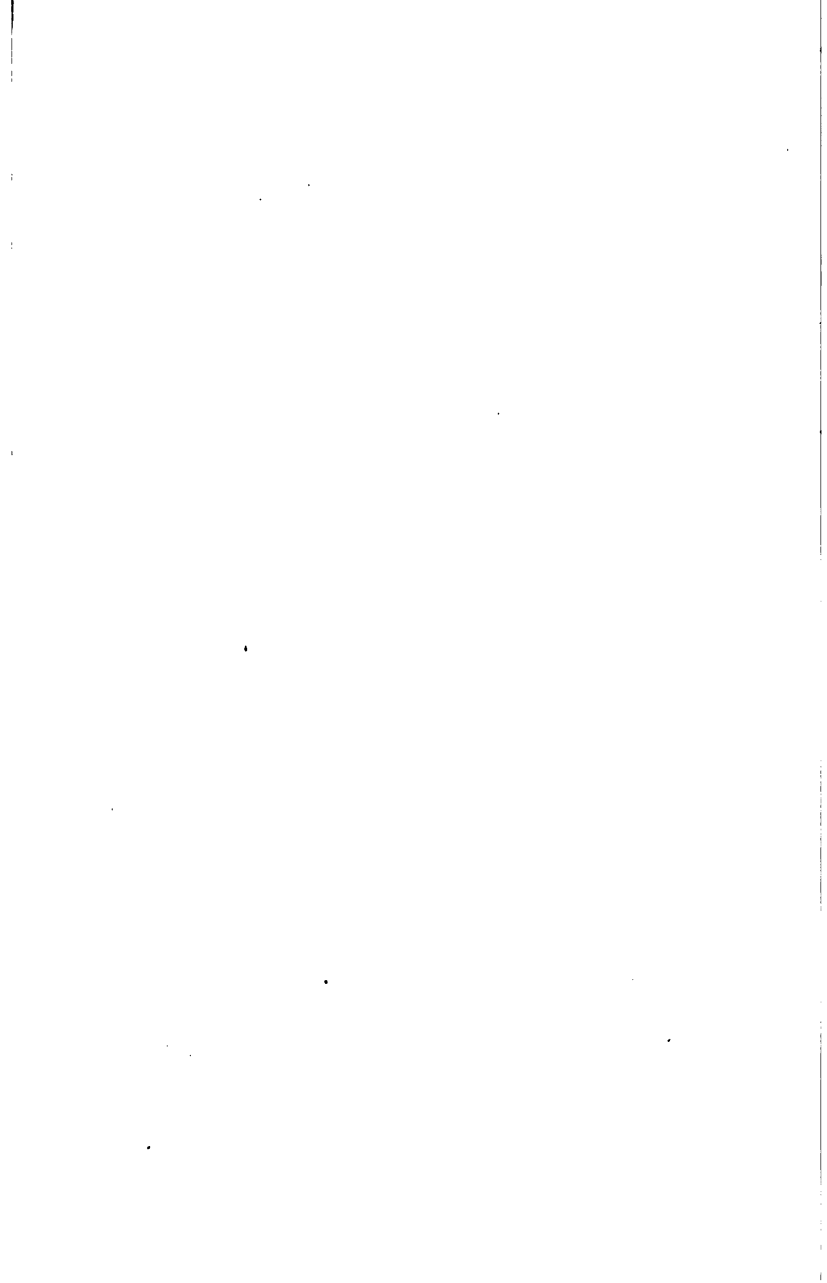
an intermingling of light and shade. I will add in conclusion, that, being in the habit of calling a spade a spade, no attempts at varnishing will be seen in either praise or censure.

E. D.

NEW-YORK,
March, 1912.



Edgar Dupuy



PART FIRST

Eastern Provinces of English Speech

CHAPTER I

Three fellow travelers. — Toronto at a glance. — Men and women. — A grave problem.

IT IS generally well known that good Americans with a surplus cash at the bank take their annual flight to some quarters of the Globe, when the thermometer begins its flirtations with the eighties. A quarter of a million or so steer their way across the deep to Europe ; while a smaller army turns its face northward and invades the Canadian Dominion. In the spring of 1910, I was a soldier of the advanced guard in the smaller army. These peaceful invaders of Canada cross the frontiers at various points without the least regard to strategy.

I selected the water route leading through the wondrous labyrinth of the Thousand Islands. It was in the month of June, the month of romance and of weddings, the

month that smells of flowers, of fresh foliage, of everything green everywhere in the fields, and sends a thrill of new life through heart and soul.

I left Lewiston, N. Y., for Toronto in a boat crowded with tourists, mostly Americans in quest of new worlds to conquer. Presently a middle-aged man of good address, seemingly in the full enjoyment of health and energy, came to me and extending his hand, said :

“ Hello, do you remember me as your traveling companion from Berlin to Moscow in the summer of 1891 ? ”

I did remember him, an intelligent, always cheerful commercial traveler for a New-York firm, and I expressed my pleasure at meeting him again.

“ After material for a new book ? ”

“ Precisely what I am doing.”

“ Writing up the Canucks ? Been to the country before ? ”

“ I have not, I am ashamed to say. Have you ? ”

“ Yes, once, from Halifax to Vancouver.

You'll find good stuff for a book. Interesting people out there. Behind the times that's all. Too much fanaticism in Ontario and too many priests in Quebec. Race prejudices everywhere. Seem to be waking up though. Write them up and down. Want to know more of Canada and Canadians in the States. By the way, you smoke I know, here is a good cigar."

And here my ubiquitous friend left to look after his baggage.

My next fellow traveler, who volunteered to teach me Canadian history, showed up in a rather unexpected manner, after leaving Kingston for Montreal. He was a Canadian of English stock, above medium height, stoutly built, clean shaved and had the florid complexion of a good liver. Evidently a prosperous man of affairs, a politician, or both.

"Pardon me," he said with a chuckle as he was thrown against me by a lurch of the boat entering the first rapid. "I find it always difficult to keep my feet here," he added, adjusting his hat.

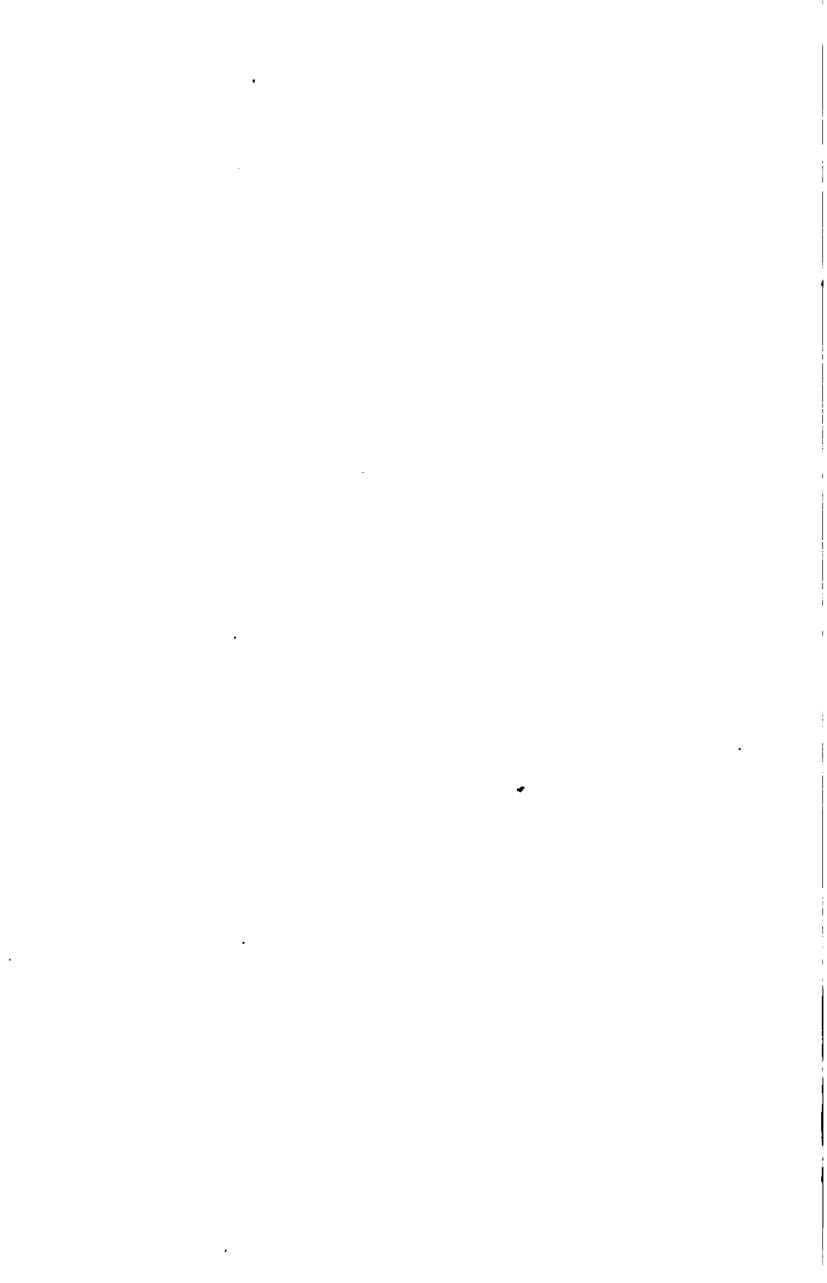
I told him that being a good sailor I always manage to keep my sea legs on.

We seated ourselves near the railing and while admiring the ever-changing wonderful panorama all about us, our conversation naturally drifted to Canada. He began singing the praise of his country, like a good, patriotic Canadian that he was.

“We think we have, or will have the greatest country in the world. I know that you people in the States look down upon us as a sort of negligible quantity, a people afflicted with chronic stagnation. You are very much in error. In the first place, Canada is larger than your country, nearly as large as Europe and eighteen times the size of France and its natural wealth is incalculable. And, as to stagnation, let us look at some of the things we have done during the last decade. Our immigration foots up nearly two millions. A large number of these immigrants crossed the line to the South, it is true, but 500,000 of your sturdy farmer came to us. Montreal, Hamilton and Winnipeg have doubled



Among the Thousand Islands.



and Vancouver has tripled in population. Toronto gives an increase of 170,000, while our minor cities show a large increase also. Our total trade for 1911 will come up to seven hundred millions, which is double the amount for 1901. You can hardly call this stagnation, can you? Yes, sir, the twentieth century is ours, to quote the language of Laurier. Our aim is the upbuilding of a united nation with one ever-living aspiration—greatness, and one language—the english language.

“Pardon me, but what will the French Canadians say to that one language idea?” I interrupted laughingly.

“French Canadians have done and are doing much in upbuilding the country, but their language which is only a patois, or a corrupt French at best, is dying out. It will no longer be spoken in two or three decades, except perhaps in the back woods of Quebec.”

Here an unexpected interruption came in from an intelligent looking gentleman seated at my elbow.

"Pardon me," he said, with a slight French accent, "for intruding, but I beg to take issue with you on the language question. The French language of Quebec is neither corrupt nor a patois, and shows no signs of dying out. It is very much alive and increasing with marvelous strides, not only in Quebec, but in your own Province of Ontario and in the Maritime Provinces also. What you English Canadians don't know about Quebec would fill a very large book."

"Possibly, possibly," grunted the Canadian from Toronto, with a nervous twist at his watch chain and a far away look at nothing.

And here the brief duel of words came to an abrupt end.

Ontario comes in first as the most populous and the richest province of the Dominion. Toronto, by far the most important city in that province, deserves the name of Queen City. It certainly is one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in North America. More than one hundred

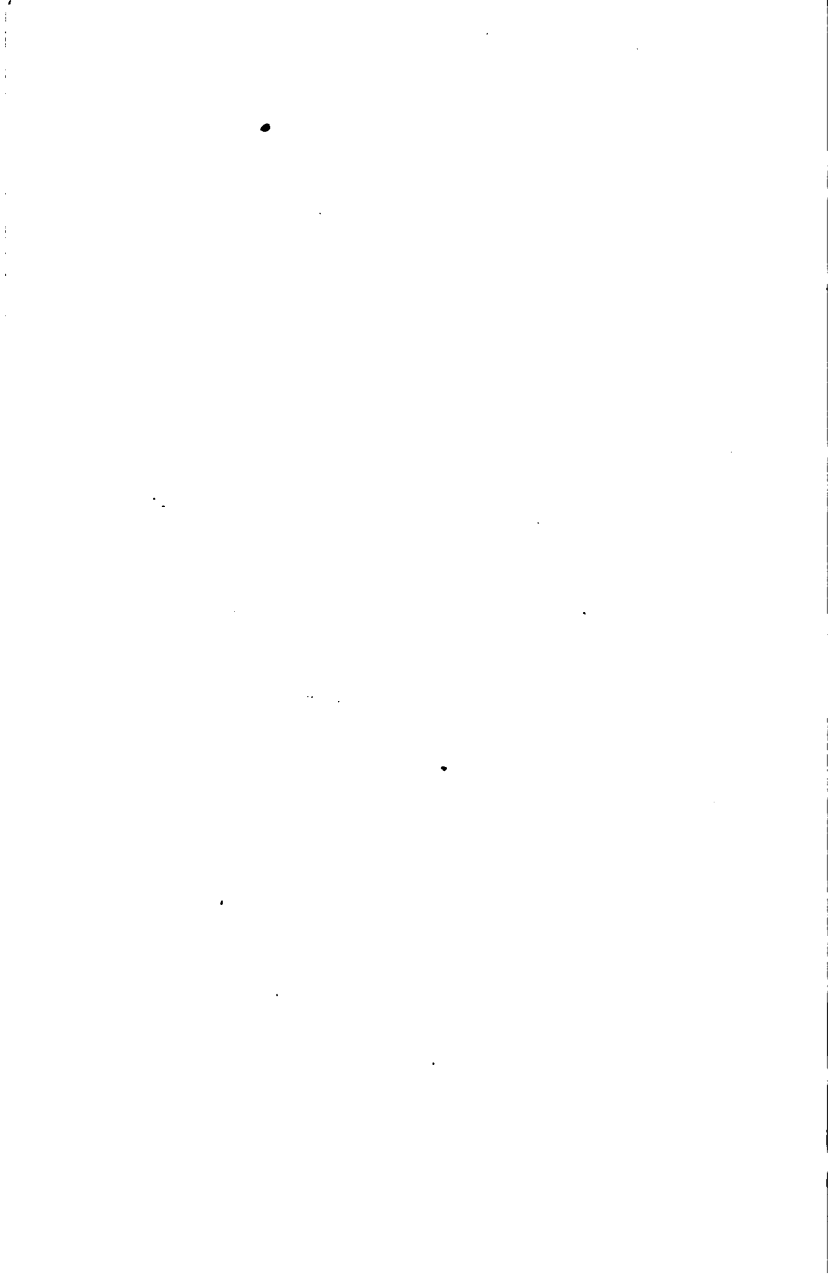
years younger than Quebec, its population is nearly five times that of the ancient Capital of Canada, and its commercial importance in the Dominion gives precedence to Montreal only. The well paved streets, always kept clean, are lined in the ever busy business quarters, with modern buildings of imposing proportions. Everything here seems like an American city such as Buffalo or Cleveland.

The residential quarters, however, are thoroughly English in look as well as in fact. Costly homes of pleasing architecture loom up here and there and everywhere, in the midst of spacious grounds, ancient trees, lawns of immaculate green and flowers galore. The famous English fences or walls are there also. Everything seen here spells comfort and luxury and breathes an air of dignified respectability. Add pretty parks always found at the right places, magnificent public buildings, churches and schools by the scores, a commodious harbor alive with coming and departing crafts, and you will have Toronto at a glance.

The 376,000 inhabitants found here are fine specimens of a hardy race, mostly of English stock. The men are stalwart and sinewy and quite alert with legs and brains. They dress with taste and are not wanting in elegance. They have not the good manners of the people in the same condition of life in England. Their dignity is of the cold and awkward sort that thaws out only at the sight of a good bargain. The shopkeeper is in evidence everytime. However, while lacking in social niceties, they are manly men, which is a great deal ; men of integrity and moral worth. They imitate the ubiquitous Yankees in many things, even down to their outrageously bad manners, but as yet, it is only just to say, they have not come up to them on that score. The anomaly of it all is that they hate us at heart and call us names—a small boy shaking his fist at a passing express train. Their opinion of their countrymen of Quebec is not commendable. “D...., priest-ridden, bigoted Frenchmen” they say — a



George Street—Residential section—Toronto.



lump of shining coal calling the kettle black.

That a beautiful city should have beautiful women seems a logical inference. Toronto has them by the scores, nay by the hundreds. These young women are of good height, slight yet robust and radiant with health. The complexion vies in delicacy of tint with the fresh rose leaf, and the smile of expectation of the well curved lips shows a row of even teeth, like the white seeds of an unripe apple. The eye is blue, large and well opened, and the mass of golden hair, floating over head, cheek and neck, seems a butterfly quivering over the marble brows of Venus. *La belle Torontienne* of the *haut monde* is well educated, a good reader, an excellent musician and a charming conversationalist. She wields the brush and the crayon with equal skill and her French accent is of the right sort. She has ready wit and something of the inimitable dash of the New-York Girl. There are other things not all *couleur de rose* that might be said of

la belle Torontienne of a lower social stratum. But why go into details? An ill-bred and ill-mannered woman is never at best a pleasant subject to deal with.

Toronto is the radiating centre of Toryism, religious intolerance and racial prejudices. Its influence for good or evil is seen everywhere in the provinces of English speech. But the darkest spot in the civic atmosphere of the Queen City is the Sunday law. On Sunday the ghost of puritanism, long dead in the greater part of our country, hovers in the form of an enormous bat over the city, and from its immense and slimy wings made darker with a thick coating of fanaticism and hypocrisy, there falls a deep and forboding shadow. This Sunday Law, to say nothing of its ridiculous side, hurts the prestige of Toronto and lowers its influence abroad.

However, foreign tourists are inclined to forget the inconveniences met with on Sunday in Toronto, after two or three days touring in the rural districts of Ontario. It is a pleasure to see miles after miles

of a delightful country, decked here and there with pretty towns and villages. The broad and well cultivated farms with blossoming orchards and well built houses and barns speak loud of comfort and abundance. At intervals a stock farm appears with its little army of horses and cattle, bounding over the green at the sight of our auto.

While enjoying these peaceful panorama of rural life, I could not help thinking of the deplorable fact that the cities of Ontario are increasing in population to the detriment of the farms.

The last census shows that out of 85 counties in this province, 46 have steadily decreased in population since 1901, and those counties are mostly given to agricultural pursuits. The increase in population in Ontario in the last decade foots up 340,000. The cities of 4000 and above are credited with an increase of 325,000, leaving an increase of 15,000 only for the rest of the province. Three agricultural counties alone, namely : Grey, Bruce and

Huron show a decrease of 29,221. This deplorable desertion from the farm to the city is not confined to Ontario, but it is here on a much larger scale than anywhere else in the Dominion.

Ontario, it seems to me, might find it more profitable to give the time and energy spent in the enactment of laws prohibiting the sale of ice cream on Sunday, in trying with all the power in command to check the alarming decrease of her rural population.

I will add further that the great Province could derive considerable benefit from a glance now and then at the memorable words of the most illustrious Canadian of English speech, Sir John A. Macdonald : " No more conquerors and conquered ; no more inferior race." But, here we inquisitive Yankees would like to know which happens to be the inferior race in this case ; the uncouth and ridiculously pompous John Bull of Ontario, or the seventeenth century Johnny Crapeau of Quebec, or a mixture of both ?



Sir John A. Macdonald.

OTTAWA

Ottawa, the political capital of Canada, is a city in the making, but judging from what has already been done, it promises to be the gem of the Dominion. The site is admirable. The business and residential thoroughfares with the Government buildings as a dominating centre present a marvelous *coup d'oeil*. The house of Parliament is an imposing pile indeed. In grandeur of ensemble and architectural beauty it compares favorably with the Capitol at Washington. Ottawa is not a centre of commercial activity and its cosmopolitanism—well I failed to see anything of the sort in the city. The city is mainly the political rendez-vous of the Confederation and is making the very best of that.

Owing to the absence of a Diplomatic Corps, the social life of the Capital lacks the tone of a harmonious whole. Provincialism seems its dominant feature. There appear everywhere distinct silhouettes of awkward dignity and of the grotesque, of the pompous and the naive. Then as a

finishing touch to the picture the imported aristocracy hides behind heavily curtained windows, and the poor devils of native plebians stand outside looking at the windows. With some people the picture provokes merriment; with others it is not so very funny, and again with others it breeds humiliation and hatred. Such is life in the political metropolis of this British Colony.





View of Ottawa.

CHAPTER II

New Brunswick. — Picturesque St. John. — Wonderful Falls. — Inhabitants. — Pedigrees. — What is needed. — Brighter prospects.

NEW BRUNSWICK is a beautiful province, a precious jewel in the crown of the Canadian Confederation. All it needs to shine in the place it deserves in that crown is an army of skilled and energetic lapidaries to give it form and brilliancy. Which means in a more practical language a million immigrants to transform the vast area of untilled farm and fruit land into miles after miles of golden harvests and snowy blossoms.

St. John is reached after a journey of 500 miles from Montreal, eastward through parts of Quebec, Maine and New Brunswick. The commercial metropolis of the province by the sea is built upon a succession of rocky cliffs rising in gentle slopes here, and, abruptly there at the junction of the magnificently picturesque St. John River and the Bay of Fundy,

famous the world over for its high tides, and as an inexhaustible reservoir of the finny tribe. To most of us, especially in the middle and western States, St. John is little known. A little town made up of fishermen, lumbermen and furtraders, is our conception of the City of the Loyalists

St. John is a great deal more than that. It is a city of historic interest and of increasing business importance. Tourists will find it one of the most delightful places in the Dominion during the summer months. Wide and tolerably well paved streets, some of them literally cut through the rocks, run up and down to every point of the compass. The business streets are framed with substantial, if not imposing buildings. The retail and wholesale stores found in some of these streets would do credit to a much larger city. There are also quite a number of private residences of architectural beauty, with pretty lawns, well trimmed hedges and flower beds. A stroll of an hour through the city will

bring to view a variety of delightful perspectives.

Some two hundred feet below is the magnificent harbor, alive with crafts of all descriptions ; then the famous Bay of Fundy like an immense shield of polished silver. Courtenay Bay is right there at your feet, now a vast expanse of reddish sand and then rapidly filling up with the roaring tide. Yonder are the rolling hills, green with foliage and the rising crops and decked with pretty houses. Westward, out there up against a sky of immaculate blue, a fort frowns at the sea, bringing back to your mind's eye, days of struggles and of blood between two great nations. There are two pretty parks, called squares here, perched three blocks apart on the highest point in the city. Ideal places to enjoy the cool breezes coming from the sea. St. John has the whole world beaten to a frazzel in the way of Falls. They are known as the Reversible Falls. At rising tide the Bay of Fundy runs over a ragged gorge one hundred feet in width,

into the St. John River twenty feet below. When the tide recedes the St. John River pays its respects to the Bay of Fundy, by jumping into it from the brows of the same gorge. One can go over the Falls in a frail canoe at even tide.

St. John is a sort of a vest pocket edition of Boston, not of modern Boston, but old, puritan Boston. It was settled by Loyalists, who were Americans from New England. These Loyalists turned their backs on national independence, liberty, progress and prosperity, for the firm and only purpose, it is said, of remaining loyal to the British Crown. Their sentimental bubble cost them inconceivable hardships, but they weathered the storm to the end. They left their descendants a splendid example of self sacrifice, patience and energy worth emulating. They left also, as a no less important legacy, a carefully worded code of religious intolerance which has been adhered to ever since.

The race here and in the greater part of the Province is Englo-Kelt, and a



View of St. John, N. B.

hardy, concientious race it is. The French race is also represented by over 100,000 Acadians, or about one third of the whole population of the Province.

Intellectual progress of the broad and modern type finds little favor with most New Brunswickers. They persist in looking at the world through the wrong end of the telescope and shrink in a fright before a new idea. Well satisfied with what they are, they wrap themselves up in their littleness, fall asleep and snore. In the meantime the beautiful province by the sea finds herself on the very brink of a slide leading down, who knows where.

There are in St. John scores of progressive, up-to-date men, who strive with all their might to pull their province out of the hole, but with little avail. Newspapers, surprisingly good newspapers for a town of 42,000 inhabitants, are doing all that lies in their power to awake the people from their chronic lethargy and again it avails but little. New Brunswick

jogs along apparently satisfied with her nearly stationary population of 350,000, when there should be a million at least.

There are too many people in St. John, as in other cities throughout the older provinces who seem to be ashamed to work because of their aristocratic descent. Their pride in pedigree is edifying and when looked into found quite interesting. Some of the pedigrees reach as far back as the Fenian Raid and others not quite so far. Yet this a pretty good showing for a young country. I met a man, who looked down with contempt upon industrious people, because his grandfather had been a Colonel in the militia and was at one time the owner of a gun found on the battlefield of Waterloo. I also met a woman, tall, thin and cadavrous—these sort of people are generally thin and cadavrous—who would not associate with tradespeople, owing to the fact that Queen Victoria had once spoken to the grandmother of her first cousin. It seems that in some places, the gentry born on the

west side of the street take precedence in social functions over the gentry born on the east side.

While in a certain town in New Brunswick my landlady agreed to prepare my breakfast, which consisted of an egg, a bit of toast and coffee, all for the small sum of thirty-five cents. All went well for a few days. One morning, however, the husband came to my room with a long face, quite long, and a far away look.

"My wife belongs to a very old family," he began.

"Indeed," I interrupted, "has the family been dead long?"

"Not yet dead, but I came to tell you that my wife can't prepare your breakfast."

"She is not ill, I trust."

"No, she is well, but it hurts her pride very much to cook for money."

Out with such rot. Such people are tolerated I know in old and thickly populated European countries, but they are not the people wanted in the upbuilding of a new country.

What New Brunswick needs is plenty of new blood and a grand shaking up all along the line. Immigration will do the work needed. Not immigration from the slums of English cities, but from Germany and the Scandinavian countries. These thrifty German, Swede and Norwegian agriculturists built our western States and Cities, which are now the heart and power of a mighty nation. Yes, New Brunswick needs immigration, and must have it at any cost, now and all the time.

Now that I have given a statement of plain facts I cannot help feeling that this magnificent province will come to her own at no distant future. St. John, historic and picturesque old St. John, with "I will" as motto and a firm grip at the helm, can and shall lead the way into the broad avenue of progress and prosperity.



CHAPTER III

Nova Scotia. — Land of Evangeline. — Halifax. — The people. — Family trees. — Noted men.

NOVA SCOTIA is a big peninsula standing out at sea at the extreme eastern end of the Dominion. It is a land of rocky coasts, of mountains looming up north and west against a tempestuous horizon ; of hills innumerable and of charming and fertile valleys given to agriculture, especially to the growing of fruits. Who has not heard of the Nova Scotia apples famous in two continents? It is also a land of great mineral wealth and famous fisheries.

However with the sentimental world, the province by the Atlantic is above all, the Land of Evangeline. The renowned Village of Grand Pré is the Mecca of tourists from every civilized country. Here they linger and muse over the scenes of one of the most atrocious and cowardly crimes committed in history. The air seems filled with the lamentations and the

weeping of defenseless men, women and children torn from their peaceful homes and deported to far away inhospitable shores.

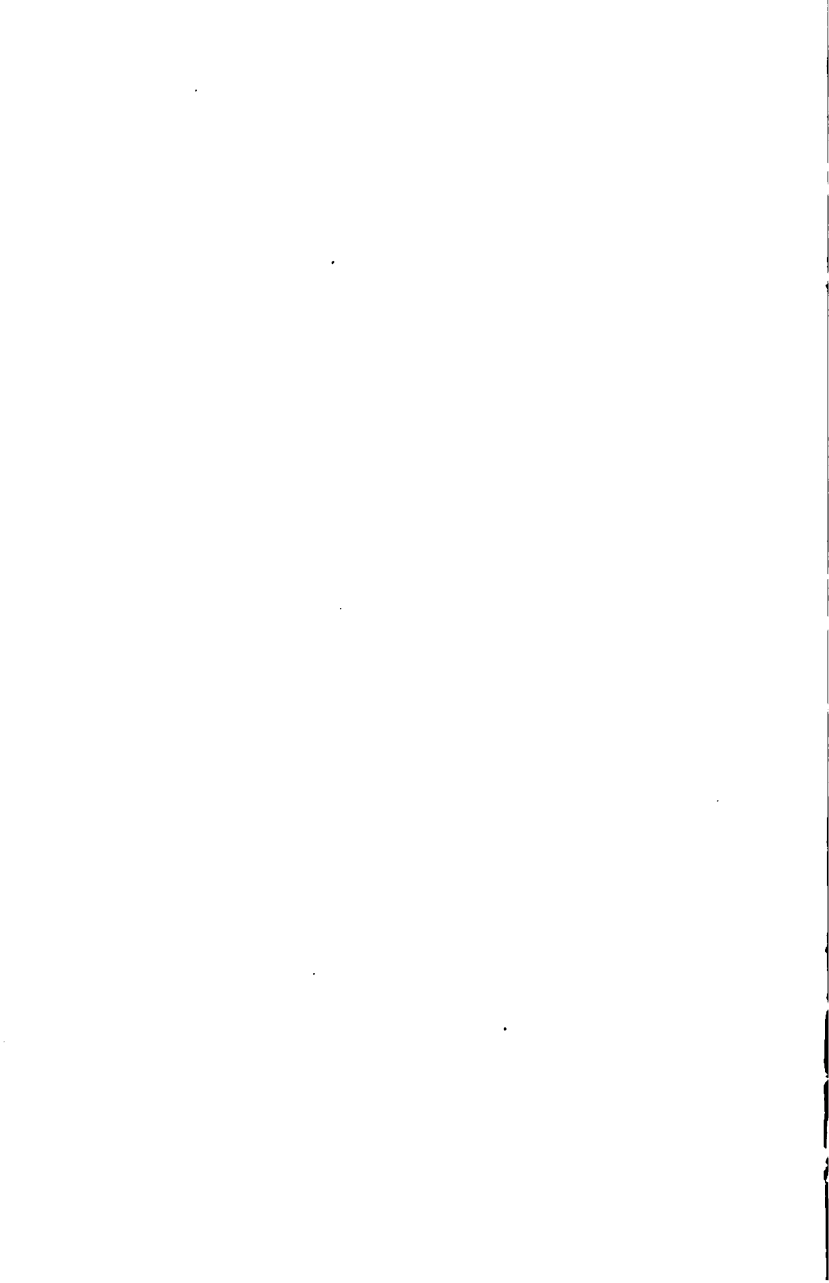
Exile without an end, and without an example in story,
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
[from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
[Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city
[to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
[savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
[Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
[ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
[mammoth.

However, a few hundred Acadians returned and, obedient to biblical admonition, they have multiplied to one hundred and sixty thousand in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. And still they speak the language of Evangeline. If our great Bard could return to the scenes he depicted with such a masterful pen, he would substitute other verses to the following :

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.



Basil's blacksmith shop at Grand Pré, N. S.



Evangeline's well and Basil's blacksmith shop are looked at with the reverence paid to famous relics found in ancient churches.

Halifax is the gate and military outpost of the Dominion. It is built on a narrow peninsula which comes to a point down to the very mouth of the harbor. The city is rightly proud of this harbor, which can hardly be excelled anywhere for the handling of commerce, and as a safe refuge from storms and wind for merchant ships and the largest man-of-war afloat. Halifax, unlike St. John, is a city of long distances, which may account for the scores of vacant lots seen on every hand. Its business blocks, public buildings and private residences outshine anything of the kind in the New Brunswick town, but St. John shows as much business activity as the Capital of Nova Scotia. Some of the public drives and parks, notably the parks, are worth traveling a long distance to see. The Citadel built on the highest point in the centre of the town, and the five or six forts near the harbor's entrance

give Halifax a warlike appearance. It is in fact a strongly fortified town and is garrisoned by native troops. The soldier boys seen over there are a fine set of smart looking fellows of good fighting stock and would fight to a finish, I dare say, if ever called upon to do so. There is also a Naval Academy here, but no navy and no immediate prospect of one. The Canadian Navy was wrecked in the same storm that wrecked Laurier.

Most of the people in this city and Province are of Keltic origin and Britishers from scalp to toenails. They are of fine physique and of serious and intelligent mien. They are conservative in everything and slow in most things. Their conservatism is an intermingling of good sense, intolerance and prejudice. They are evidently so very much satisfied with themselves that they seem unaware that their Province is about to begin a backward movement, owing to the want of immigration, while emigration is constantly draining the population.



View of Halifax, N. S.

Halifax claims the largest number of family trees and ancient descents in the Maritime Provinces. However some jealous people in the sister province of New-Brunswick come out with the statement that the largest number of old families in Halifax and the Province are not yet dead, and that some of the dead ones took part in the conspiracy that lead to the crime at Grand Pré.

Nova Scotia has given Canada some noted men, such as Charles Tupper and Robert L. Borden in politics, and Thomas C. Haliburton and Robert Christie in literature. Haliburton is perhaps the most gifted of Canadian authors of either English or French speech. His great work "The Clockmaker or Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville" brought him fame and honors, wherever the English language is spoken. Aside from being a historian of note, he is the pioneer of American humoristic literature. Yet, I met very few people in his native province who knew anything of him. Such is fame.

Nova Scotia has been in a dormant state for many years and shows little inclination to part with her sweet slumber. The big Peninsula needs new blood and a violent shaking up, superinduced by the eruption of new ideas.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Having failed to pay a visit to the diminutive Province of Prince Edward Island, I must forgo the pleasure of saying anything about it, unless it is that the population of the pretty Island shows a decrease of over nine thousand during the last decade. Not a very commendable showing, that.



PART SECOND

The Province of Quebec

CHAPTER I

Historic facts. — Victory of the conquered. — Fear the French Language. — Inhabitants and habitants. — Religious extremists. — The good priests. — New Year's Night.

QUEBEC of all the provinces of the Canadian Dominion is the most sought by tourists, sociologists, economists, historians and poets. One finds here a picturesque corner of Europe : an intermingling of the old and the new. The people who abide in this Province belong to a race who has been foremost amongst the builders of the modern world. These Canadians have done nothing as yet to startle the world in intellectual endeavors, and it will probably be a long time before they do. However, their uninterrupted struggles of a century for their rights of worship and of language, and their final triumph assume the proportion of an epic.

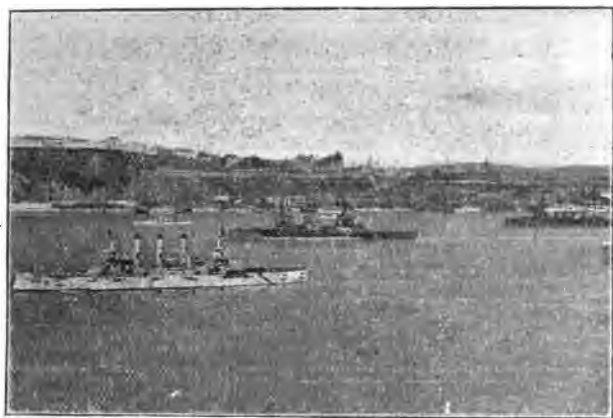
When I first looked at Quebec on a

beautiful July morning, there flashed before my mind's eye a vision of three centuries of heroic deeds.

This was indeed "the place and all around it as of old," the ragged, towering cliffs, the hills and valleys are alive with the echoes of war cries and the booming of French and English guns fighting for supremacy over a continent. It is the historic city of Quebec, the cradle of the Canadian nation and the coffin of French occupation.

From this cradle I saw French pioneers go forth with axes, spades and plows and guns, and for the first time the solemn solitude of the forests had to give place to civilization. Progress was slow and every acre cleared cost blood and often lives. However, diminutive log hut villages, with their church steeples, arose here and there on either side of the mighty St. Lawrence. Mont Royal was reached and the foundations of the future metropolis of Canada were laid.

The bearers of the standards of France



View of Quebec.

did not stop here. On they went westward to the head of the Great Lakes ; eastward, through New York and Pennsylvania and southward through the valley of the Mississippi. The Lily floated over an area ten times the size of France.

The war cloud spreads its ominous shadows over New France and the English Colonies. Montcalm wins his last victories. A British army, led by the gallant Wolfe, is before Quebec. Finally the proverbial tenacity, perseverance and valor of the English troops win the day on the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe and Montcalm fall face to face, and then I see arising over their mingled ashes, a shaft commemorative of the long and bloody struggle of two great nations.

The flag of England rules supreme over the New France of yesterday. It is decreed that the conquered shall continue in the enjoyment of their religious and social life as a reward for their loyalty to the crown.

However, the conquerors open forthwith a war on the language of the new subjects.

Faithful to the new flag, the French fight and cheerfully give their lives for it. They save the colony from American invaders. Yet they stubbornly refuse to forget their language. Threats, humiliations and the most cunning devices imaginable avail nothing. They will not give up their mother tongue a penny's worth.

The bloodless war continues between conquerors and conquered with more or less violence, craftiness and ever-changing methods, with the conquerors finally routed, arms and baggage clear out of the field. Harassed at every step by simingly insurmountable difficulties, the sixty thousand vanquished have increased to over two millions and reconquered, from a racial and linguistic view point, the greatest province in the Dominion.

Here I stood for a moment bewildered before a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of the world.

Is this language question settled indefinitely in Canada? It would seem so. The two races are working in unison in

upbuilding the country and everything appears normal to the casual observer. Yet more searching observations will reveal the same determination with most Canadians of English speech to obliterate the French language.

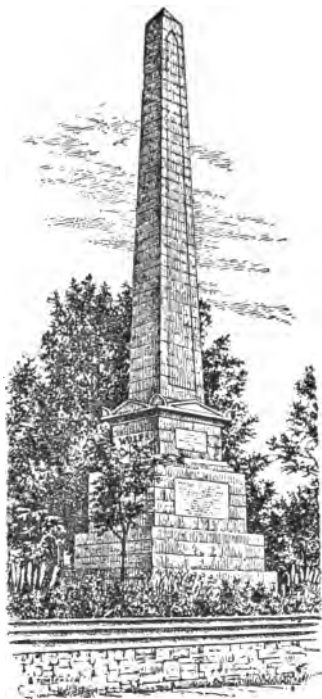
Here is a forcible article that fits the case. I found it in the *Canadian Courier* of January 1912, a weekly magazine of a deservedly wide circulation in the Dominion. It is from the pen of the Monocle Man. The very sort of man much needed in English speaking Canada.

This is the article in part :

“One of the most remarkable things in Canada to me is the fear which some of us of English speech seem to have of the French language. We are inclined to treat it as we do a contagious disease. We want to isolate it—quarantine it—vaccinate against it—make it the modern version of a penal offence to be found propagating a pernicious knowledge of it. Now I do not imagine that it would hurt us to know more French or more of any-

thing else which makes for culture. Education will not spoil us — bitterly as we fight against some of its more obvious manifestations. No Englishman of standing who comes amongst us, thinks of himself as an educated man unless he can speak French. The representatives of the Crown invariably delight our fellow-Canadians of French origin by addressing them in their own language ; and they seem to be entirely oblivious of the fact that thereby they are “shattering Confederation to its foundations” and turning this young nation aside from a great and glorious and homogenous — and homeopathic — future.

Now the French language will not bite. Its liquid beauty embalms much of the best literature in existence. French drama is a copious stream which never runs dry — as does the English riverbed. Any language is a more or less clumsy and loose vehicle for elusive human thought ; but the French fits much more snugly to certain of our more delicate and involved



Wolfe and Montcalm Monument
in the City of Quebec.

conceptions than any other — especially than any Northern speech. If I were making the laws, I would be far more apt to make it compulsory for every Canadian school to teach French as well as English in practical and workable fashion, than to enact that coronation of contented and bigotted ignorance which discourages the teaching of literary French to children who too often cannot get that quality at home. And if I were going to extend State assistance to either language, I would not give it to the language which finance and commerce and industry and all the professions unite to “boom” on this Continent.

This dread of French is a purely medieval and obsolete survival of a day when “race lines” meant national division. There was a time — there are countries now — where a struggle for race supremacy went on, and it made a very great difference which won. That gave us an instinctive feeling against the spread of any language save our own. But that

instinct is about as applicable to modern conditions in this country as the instinct which leads a horse to jump out of his skin at the rustle of a piece of paper by the roadside. Once it meant a tiger creeping in the dry grasses to leap upon his back ; but tigers are a bit scarce on our city streets these days. The horse shivers and starts at nothing. So it is with English people who think they see danger in the spread of the French Language. They are living yet in the days of their far-ancestors.....

When we move against the French tongue, we are not on the defensive — we are persecutors. Moreover, we are depriving life on this Continent of one of its too few picturesque features — of an opportunity and an incentive to the rest of us to learn the language of Molière, of Balzac, of Hugo, of many a great name in the world's College of Culture. And, in doing this, we are not "helping the country" or saving our own tongue, but feeding with savage satisfaction a remnant

of belated barbarism that still soils the "substance of our souls."

The bilingual schools figured as a prominent issue in a recent election in Ontario. This Province objects to the teaching of French in connection with English in the Public Schools, even in districts where the population of French origin is greatly in the majority.

The French of Quebec are wiser, more politic and far-seeing in their treatment of the bilingual question. With an overwhelming majority in the Province they could easily fan into a conflagration the spirit of retaliation against the English minority. On the contrary, the so-called "priest-ridden and ignorant" French Canadians prove most conclusively their broadmindedness and evident intellectual superiority over their detractors, by teaching English to English children as well as to their own in their public schools.

French Canadians do not study English for commercial and political purposes only,

but as a necessary accomplishment in the rounding up of an education of the higher sort. English Canadians have nothing to lose and much to gain in emulating, with regard to French, their fellow-countrymen of Quebec.

A large percentage of French Canadians in every walk of life in the large cities of the Province can speak English fluently. The best English I heard during the last national election in Canada was from some of the French Canadian orators who spoke French equally as well. This fact alone stands out prominently as a powerful factor in French Canadian influence in the political life of the Dominion, and constitutes an evident intellectual superiority over the English element wilfully unfamiliar with the French tongue.

Mostly of Normand and Breton origin the inhabitants of Quebec are indeed worthy of the blood that is in them. They are of fine stature, wiry and quick with body and mind. Stubbornness, patience, integrity, thrift and politeness are their



House of a habitant of the better class — Quebec.



salient characteristics. They seem timid and suspicious, but their uniform courtesy, cheerfulness and hearty hospitality are truly refreshing. They are polite without being in the least servile, as one will find to his discomfort when attempting to lord it over them. They have considerable wit and a great sense of the ridiculous. Always courteous to their pretentious fellow countrymen of English descent, they quietly laugh at their pomposity.

The habitants in most of the Province are intelligent and prosperous. They are well housed, well fed, well clad, contented and happy. The illiterate habitant is a thing of the past. He reads his newspaper and is often a subscriber to agricultural and other magazines. He talks intelligently of politics and keeps in touch with the conspicuous doings of the world outside of Quebec. He knows more of Ontario than the farmers of that Province know of Quebec. He no longer hides his economies in socks and mattresses but keeps

an account at the nearest bank. He is not a borrower, but a lender, and, like a prudent man that he is, invariably prefers a safe investment in farm land. His surplus cash, however, often takes the form of stocks in some safe manufacturing interests.

I have often met throughout the Province in scores of parishes farmers reputed worth from ten to one hundred thousand dollars, and living in houses some of which would not be out of place in fashionable residential streets in large cities. The better class of Quebec farmers use the latest things out in the way of agricultural implements. In harvesting time one sees in the gilded fields the stalwart farmers working the newest machines drawn by two or three fine, spirited horses. The science of agriculture is not generally understood here as it should be, but the farmer loves his farm and stands by it as he does by his family. While cattle seen on most farms seem of inferior breed, the horses are fine animals indeed and much sought by American buyers.

The industry and thrift of the habitants seem limitless. They are workers and hard workers at that. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, work from the rising to the setting of the sun and often late into the gloaming. How often I have seen after the hard labor of the day families of ten, fifteen and even twenty stalwart children enjoying a much needed rest in front of their comfortable homes. The grandfather, frequently carrying the weight of five and ninety and in some cases of a hundred years and more, quietly smokes his pipe under trees heavy with branches and foliage. The younger ones down to the babies are seated about or comfortably stretched over the grass, watching the fireflies flashing their lights over the road and fences, while the ubiquitous crickets sing their monotonous song to the night.

However, it is on Sunday that the habitants appear in their glory, when the bells from the distant steeples call them to the house of God. Dressed in their best on they go with spanking teams

harnessed to two and four wheel carriages of the latest type and all paid for, if you please. It is again a pleasure to see groups of pretty and modest young girls and lusty boys, who never forget to be polite, frolicking in the village streets and country roads on their way to or from mass or vespers. Their laughers are as genuine and their enjoyments as pure as the thrills of birds in yonder trees.

Canadians, English as well as French, are religious extremists. The French are more catholic than the Pope and the English out-Calvin the famous reformer himself. This is as it should be. Cynicism and unbelief never contributed much to the upbuilding of new countries. Puritanism cleared the forests of New England, built churches and schools and prepared the ground upon which our social fabric is reared, and even helped at the launching of our diminutive and ill-equipped ship of state, which has now assumed the proportion of a gigantic Dreadnought manned by a crew of ninety million up-to-date



House of the average habitant – Quebec.



sailors. However, Puritanism is fast dying out. There is no place for it in modernism. It is at best only a hindrance to intellectual progress. The English speaking provinces of the Dominion seem to be its main abiding place now.

Roman Catholicism and French Canadian priests saved the French race, and made a French speaking Province of Quebec. All hail to these French Canadian priests ! They have done and are still doing their duty well. They are more than spiritual advisers to their parishioners ; they are their friends, true, unselfish friends, in joy and in sorrow from birth to death.

The social life of the rural population of Quebec is seen at its best in the winter months. Then the habitants have hardly anything to do but to enjoy themselves. Parties and dances and *veillées* (evening calls) are indulged in throughout the season and merriment runs high.

I never shall forget a night spent with a well-to-do habitant family some eighty miles east of Montreal. It was on New

Year's eve and the Canadian winter was at its best. The frozen earth lay calmly at rest under a solid white covering six feet in thickness. The snow sparkled like newly broken steel under the sun's rays. Every step sent forth a cracking sound like that of an electric spark. One's breath could be seen a yard off and after a few minutes' walk the moustache and beard took on a thick coating of frost. The sleigh bells tinkled merrily about the village streets and along the highways. On both sides of the roads tall and stately trees shivered in their nakedness, and from every chimney stood a column of smoke straight and motionless like an obelisk on the sandy plains of Egypt.

The day was fast waning when my driver pulled up in front of a house at the angle of a cross road. It was a large, two story brick house with something like a mansard roof. Several steps led up to a wide veranda. The only door in sight was large, built of solid oak, and a shining brass knocker hung over the central panel.



Harvesting time — Quebec.

I had hardly stepped on the veranda when the door opened and my host came out to meet me.

“Entrez, entrez, mecieu” — Come in, come in, sir — he said with a smile and a bow, and forthwith he led me to a sleeping room on the second floor. The room was comfortably heated by a large stove in the hallway. The floor was covered with a carpet of home industry. The furniture consisted of a large, comfortable looking bed, a small table in the centre of the room, a washstand and an armchair. On a wall of shining whiteness hung a crucifix and a picture of the Virgin Mary. On the table stood a pitcher of water, a bottle and a glass.

“E ben à c'theure j'vous laissez, réchaufez-vous, la bouteille est là” — Now I must leave you, warm yourself, the bottle is there.....

I thanked my host and found the whiskey of an excellent brand.

The moving of tables and chairs and the clatter of dishes below, accompanied

with feminine laughters and songs were indicative of the nearness of supper.

At six o'clock I was invited to come down and meet the family and neighbors. And what a family to be sure: fourteen children and eleven grand children. And a finer lot of healthy, cheerful men, women and children I have rarely seen. A table extending the whole length of a long reception room and through the adjacent dining room was literally covered with eatables, dishes and bottles. The menu consisted of a most excellent pea soup, a suckling pig, two turkeys, some chickens, mashed potatoes, beet root, pickles, fifteen or twenty pies and a cake, as big as a large pumpkin. There was also an abundance of good wines and spirits.

“A table, à table, mes enfants” — Come to the table, my children — cried out the host. I was given the seat of honor between host and hostess, a vivacious, dear little woman of sixty who looked forty. There were no servants to annoy us. Everybody helped themselves. Among the

forty-three persons at the table, there was not a dull or a sombre face, and as to appetite, well it seemed contagious. I ate more at that meal than I do in three meals at Martin's. The bottles were duly passed around and merriment reigned supreme. Songs soon followed.

"Dis donc là, Gaudreau, arrive donc avec ta chanson" — See here Gaudreau, come on with your song — called out a young man with a hearty laugh.

Gaudreau stood up. He was a man of middle age. A giant in stature, with the chest and arms of a gorilla and the voice of a lion. He began in this way :

"Dedans sa main a quin tin marle" —
In her hand she holds a blackbird.....—

And everyone repeated in chorus :—
"Dedans sa main a quin tin marle."

The song lasted a minute or two and then the host called out :

"Alix là, écoute donc, not' mecieu icite est in Américain qui parle le Fransah de France. Chante donc la Marseillaise, Vive la France" — Listen here Alix, our gentle-

man here is an American who speaks the French of France. Sing the Marseillaise, Long live France.

Alix, a fine looking chap of twenty-two, was on his feet at once. He had a fine tenor voice and his rendering of the famous hymn was really good. Several other songs followed, such as "Vive la Canadienne," "En Roulant ma Boule," "A la claire Fontaine." The program of songs seemed to have come to an end, when the hostess said :

"Voyons, p'tite Rose, chante ta jolie chanson d'veille pour mecieu"—See here. little Rose, sing your pretty city song for the gentleman.—

P'tite Rose was the hostess' younger daughter. She was a modest and pretty girl of eighteen. Her eyes were large and lustrous and her cheeks had the color of a ripe peach. She had just left the convent. She sang a serenade, one of Gounod's if my memory serves me well, and sang it well with a rich mezzo soprano voice of considerable volume.



Boys and Girls on Sunday in rural Quebec.

After the big cake had been disposed of, the table was cleared and everything made ready for the dance. Rose at the piano and Alix with the fiddle furnished the music.

I will not attempt a description of the terpsichorean feats, but they were fast and furious. I suggested a waltz to a buxom young woman who politely declined on the ground that the priest did not permit such dances.

The big clock standing like a sentinel in a corner of the parlor showed that midnight was near at hand. The music ceased and the neighbors made their exit. Everyone had slowly disappeared I knew not where.

The old clock began to count in a sonorous voice the last hours of the day. It was the knell of the dying year. The host walked to the center of the room, and stood there with a kindly face, erect and smiling, unconscious of his three scores and fifteen years. Before him on the wall hung the pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Pope and of Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal.

Presently a procession began. Middle aged men and women, young men and girls and children knelt one by one before the venerable old man saying : “Votre bénédiction, s’il vous plaît ?”—Your benediction, if you please—and with hands raised above their heads he answered : “Je te bénis”—I bless thee.—Then an embrace and a kiss and the blessed one passed on. The last one was a little girl four or five years old. With her little knees on the floor and her pretty head bowed down, she muttered :

“Bon grand-père, bénis”—Good grandpa, bless me.—The grandfather raised her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. He then came to me and, with moist eyes and a voice trembling with emotion, said :

“Vous voyez, mecieu, comme le bon Dieu est ben bon de m’avoir donné tant d’enfants”—You see, sir, how very good is the good God to have given me so many children.—

It was early morning when I reached the village inn, a very thoughtful and, I believe, a better man.

CHAPTER II

French as spoken in Quebec.— Literature and art.— Race
and religion in Politics.

WE ARE taught to believe in the States that the French spoken in Quebec is a patois, a corrupt vernacular, a compound of French, English, Indian and what not. I was led into the same belief by newspaper correspondents who don't know French from Arabic, and by a book of poems by Dr. Drummond, entitled the "Habitants." I carried that book with me in my pilgrimage through Quebec, and never found a single Canadian who use the dialect the talented English Canadian poet so cleverly evolved out of his own brain.

It should be conceded that the French of Quebec is not Parisian French. On the other hand it must be admitted that French is well spoken outside of Paris and France. Belgians and Swiss speak excellent French. Their intonation is slightly different from that of Parisians,

that is all. French Canadians, however, have an intonation peculiar to themselves, it is of a singing sort, but by no means unpleasant. They give the letter *r* a lisping, musical sound the Parisians would do well to imitate. The Canadian vocabulary seems restricted, hence the frequent substitution of English for French words. They also use such words as *virer* for *tourner* — to turn ; — *filer* for *marcher* — to walk ; — *embarkuez en voiture* for *montez en voiture* — get into the carriage. — They have other still more pronounced peculiarities of speech, such as : *à c'theure* for *maintenant* — now ; *maganer* for *malmener* — to ill-treat ; — *frette* for *froid* — cold ; — *drettz* for *droit* — straight ; — *mentrie* for *mensonge* — lie ; — *mouiller* for *pleuvoir* — to rain. I have also noticed the meaningless use of the adverb *là* — there — at the end of sentences. Obviously this is not the language of the cultured classes. The language of a Vermont farmer differ considerably with that of an average Bostonian. Educated French Canadians speak very

nearly as Frenchmen do. The difference consists mainly in intonation and a broader sound given to the letter A and the diphthong AI when final and followed by s, t, d, x. These defects will eventually disappear as they should. In fact I frequently met Canadians, especially in the cities of Quebec and Montreal, who spoke French exactly as the French do.

A Parisian who has lived over twenty-five years in Montreal and other parts of Quebec, told me that the French language is improving wonderfully everywhere in the Province, in the rural districts as well as in large centers of population. He attributed this linguistic awakening to the following causes :

1st. To the greater number of and much better schools.

2nd. To the increasing number of teachers from France in institutions of learning.

3rd. To the great increase of students from Quebec in France, and the more or less prolonged sojourn in that country of

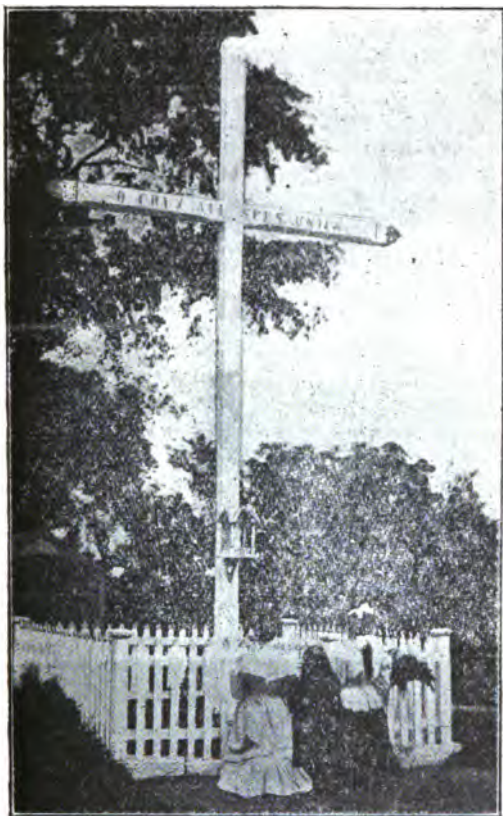
hundreds of Canadian tourists who cross the sea in increasing numbers annually.

4th. To French theatres in Montreal where the sonorous language of France, fresh from the mouth of Parisian actors, is heard nightly by thousands of natives from the metropolis and other cities and towns in the Province.

5th. To societies of "Bon parler Français" organized and being organized in large cities and minor towns throughout Quebec.

A conclusive proof that the seventeenth century is moving out of Quebec.

French Canada still holds fast to leading strings, a tottering child, in the field of literature and art. Youth, the want of encouragement and the limited number of readers or wealthy art connoisseurs in Quebec, are given as a very plausible excuse for the paucity of authors and artists worthy of the name. Thoughtful and thoughtless readers alike seek intellectual food in books from France; and lovers of art who can indulge their taste



Praying on the highway — Queleco.

patronize artists of the same country, which is very much as Americans do. A very limited number of French Canadian *littérateurs* are known outside of Quebec. François - Xavier Garneau, the historian, and Octave Crémazie, Louis - Honoré Fréchette and Pamphile LeMay, the poets, are read and translated abroad. LeMay's translation of *Evangeline* was highly prized by the author of that immortal poem, as I happen to know from Longfellow himself. Two of Fréchette's poems : " *Les Oiseaux de Neige* " and " *Les Fleurs Boréales* " were crowned by the French Academy. This truly great poet deserves a monument at the hands of his countrymen. Such authors as Benjamin Sulte, M. de Gaspé and M. de Boucherville are also a credit to their country and the French language.

In the plastic art, Philippe Hébert and M. A. Laliberté deserve the praise bestowed upon them by art connoisseurs in and outside of their country.

French Canadian authors have left the

field of romance to their brothers of English descent. Yet it is well known that novelists from Ontario and the States have often sought their inspiration in the old Province. The novels which made Gilbert Parker famous in two hemispheres deal with French life in Quebec. Canadian novelists of English speech are favored in having a much larger market for their literary wares, near at hand in the English speaking provinces and in the United States, than French Canadian writers whose readers are mostly limited to Quebec. Furthermore, the number of people given to miscellaneous reading in English speaking provinces, notably in Ontario, is much greater than in Quebec. The reason for this is that Quebec is less receptive to new ideas than Ontario. It must also be said that the Church has a good deal to say as to what shall be read or not in the French Province. In other words, English Canadians, as a whole, are better informed than their countrymen of French descent. This is especially true of women who are

more than men given to reading works of fiction.

Have you read such and such an author? — all standard authors, — I asked of a young French Canadian woman of many accomplishments.

“Pardon, monsieur,” she answered with a look of surprise, “but these books are all indexed.”

In English speaking provinces, notably in Ontario, I found scores of young women of excellent home training who, let it be said to their credit, were familiar with the works of the very same authors.

Young men of exceptional literary talent are not wanting in Quebec, but they lack the initiative, energy and perseverance of their brother writers of English speech. Their vanity is also quite amusing, and their ambition is easily satisfied. However, Quebec is no longer a slow going province. It is now striding upward in the broad highway of intellectual and material progress. From this highway there may come

some day a French Canadian novelist worthy of his race.

I am writing this seated near the ruins of a French Chateau. A thick carpet of moss and ivy hides most of the pile of crumbling stones. A dead tree stretches its long and naked arms over the walls, and skeleton-like seems to grin at death below. Is there not in Quebec a young and ambitious French Canadian writer, gifted with enough imagination to evoke from these ruins alone the material needed for a good novel?

We of the Stars and Stripes have politics served to us by the daily press, morning and evening, everyday in the year. Politics are poured into our ears from breakfast to dinner and later well into the night by hungry politicians, of every grade and hue, foaming at the mouth at the prospect of a fat job ahead. Yet in all this avalanche of newspapers, speech-making and bar-room talk, one rarely hears of an attempt to awake religious controversy and race prejudice in this big nation, the



Ruins of a château — Quebec.

abiding place of every race and creed on earth.

Our neighbors to the north do things differently. With them, races, religions and languages are pitted against one another in their fights for political power. Conservatives, Liberals and Nationalists, with the Conservatives as formidable leaders, are well skilled in that form of campaigning. Of course, that sort of electioneering is mostly done in the dark, quietly but effectively done in a house to house canvas, when the infamous gospel of hatred is preached by adepts at the trade.

I am firm in the belief that reciprocity, ostensibly the main issue of the campaign, did not by long odds effect the defeat of Laurier, in the recent general election in Canada. His catholicism and French descent, together with the Ne Temere decree and Eucharistic Congress, held in Montreal in 1910, are mainly responsible for his overthrow. I reached this conclusion after a careful study of political manœuvring

throughout the campaign in Quebec, Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Laurier was Protestant in Quebec and too Catholic in Ontario. Henri Bourassa contributed his share of misrepresentation in Quebec, and Orangemen led the campaign of vilification in english speaking provinces. Net result: the defeat of Laurier, the wonderfully gifted statesman and patriot who, during his fifteen years of power, lifted Canadians from obscurity and seeming stagnation to the threshold of greatness.

The following conversation, among scores of the same sort, will serve to illustrate the political mentality at that time of a large number of Quebec voters. I will give the picturesque French with a translation.

"Ben, mecieu," said a sturdy habitant, "J'su libéral, moé, mais j'vote pas pour Laurier cette fois" — Well sir, I am a liberal myself but I wont vote for Laurier this time.—

"How is this?" I inquired, "Laurier is

your greatest French Canadian. Why go back on one of your race ? ”

“ Grand Canayen, oui, mais Canayen Fransah, j’sais pas. D’pu que le Roi l’a fait Prince, il est pu Anglais que Fransah et pu protestant que catholique. C’tin r’négat, j’vote pas pour lui ”—Great Canadian, yes, but French Canadian I don’t know. Since he has been made a Prince by the King, he is more English than French and more Protestant than Catholic. He is a renegade, I wont vote for him.—

I suggested that Laurier had not been made a Prince, but simply knighted as they say in English.

“ Bon, c’est ça. J’sais pas l’Anglais, mais j’sais qu’*night* veut dire nuit. C’est ça, i s’cache dans la nuit, veu pas s’montre aux pauvès Canayens. Bon, c’tin prince de nuit, *night*, comme vous dites. Un traîte, un Anglais, un protestant. Quin, lisez-çà....— Well, that’s it, I don’t know English, but I know *knight* means night. That’s it, he hides in the dark. Don’t want to show himself to the poor Cana-

dians. Good, he is a prince of the night as you say. A traitor, an Englishman, a Protestant. Here read this....—

And he took from the pocket of his trousers a soiled circular I had seen several times before in various parts of the Province. The circular said in part that Laurier was a traitor to his race and religion since he had been knighted; that he was building a big navy at the enormous cost of a hundred millions to be paid by French Canadian tax payers; that thousands of able bodied young French Canadians would be taken from the farms and sent away to serve as food for cannon.

In Ontario I was told a thousand times, by seemingly intelligent farmers and workmen; that they had enough of French rule and Pope rule. Laurier, they said, as the agent of the Pope, wanted to impose the Catholic religion and the French language on the English speaking provinces.

“We don’t want no d... French language and no Pope,” I often heard them say with a frown and a shaking of the fist.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

I selected for publication the following circular amongst others bearing likewise upon the subjects of religion, race and language, and sent throughout the Dominion. It will be found interesting reading on this side of the line at least.

WHO'S GOING TO RULE THIS COUNTRY ?

SPECIAL ORDERS FROM

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

Down on your knees, Ontario ! and make obeisance low,
To me, your sovereign Lord and King, as Canada shall
[know.
Too long your recreant Protestants have scorned my holy
[plans,
But now your haughty populace must bow to my com-
[mands.

Down on your knees, Ontario ! grovel and lick the dust,
Your sons and daughters fair are mine, by all tha'ts good
[and just.
I own your bodies, souls and minds, as well as all your
[cash,
And to the lowest depths of hell, your proud ones I will
[dash.

Close up your Schools, Ontario ! and I will teach your
[young,
Your English cannot be compared with the old Latin
[tongue.
You educate them far too well, you make them sharp and
[wise,
And what you call " the sins of Rome," you keep before
[their eyes.

Stop ! right away, Ontario, I claim your lands and
[schools,
Your teachers, ministers and "guides," are but a pack
[of fools.
For years my men have worked with you, and with entire
[success,
You never dreamed they WERE my men—they ARE, tough,
[none the less.

Back down, back down, Ontario ! my work is spreading
[fast.
Your trusted men are in my pay, though you may look
[aghast ;
My system permeates your towns, the French have won
[the day.
And FRENCH your province must become, no matter what
[you say.

Crawl down, crawl down, Ontario ! your Orangemen are
[curs'd,
Your Mas'ons damned, your True Blues doomed, for these
[have all been nursed
In bigotry and villainy, but now ueath Heaven's dome.
Ontario must swear that she will serve the Church of
[Rome !

Hearken to me, all Canada ! Sir Wilfrid is my son ;
All that a son could do for me, he verily has has
[done.
His plans are laid, his men told off—and soon with one
[great rush
The enemies of Holy Church, for ever we wtl crush.

Down on your knees, proud Canada ! my word must be
[obeyed.
I hold the keys, I rule the state ! and though I have
[delayed
To exercise my Royal Will — my day has come at
[last,
And Canada is mine — for sure, and I will hold her
[fast.

CANADA'S REPLY TO THE POPE OF ROME

Ye Protestants of Canada arise in all your might,
Your liberties are threatened, grave dangers are in sight.
The sky is dark, the clouds are black, and soon the
[thunder's roar
Will echo loud, while lightnings flash from distant shore
[to shore —
The storm blows straight from Rome !

The enemy is on the ground, prepared for bitter fight.
Up then ! young Canada, arise prepared to guard the
[right
A foreign potentate has sent to rob you of your laws,
To crush your schools, despoil your Church, and keep you
[down because
You will not bow to Rome !

Will he succeed ? shall we submit to be slaves of Rome —
Shall we allow her priests and nuns to regulate the home ?
To part asunder man and wife, and let the children go ?
Ten thousand voices cry aloud emphatically "No,"
We will not bow to Rome !

We treat with scorn and deep contempt her "Ne Temere"
[decree,
And flying the answer in her face — "Young Canada is
[Free !
We stand beneath the Union Jack, ready to face the foe,—
To chase the tyrant from the land and let the world know,
We do not bow to Rome.

We scorn to use the cry of race, religion, faith or creed,
Let each man worship as he will, for Canada has need
Of truly conscientious men, but not for those who hope
To raise supreme the yellow flag of any foreign Pope,
Or make us bow to Rome.

Our trusted men have faithless been — have played into
[her hands,
Bent low the knee, obeyed her call, and granted her
[demands ;

Let us now say with one accord "we must have righteous
[laws,
We have no use for Rome's decrees, we're done with her
[because —
We will not bow to Rome !

Stand firm, young Canada ! unfurl your banners to the
[breeze,
United we will bring those dark Italians to their knees.
We're free men born, free we remain, to guard our hearth
[and home
But no commands will we receive or listen to from Rome,
We never bow to Rome !

Cheers for King George ! up with the Jack ! the Maple
[Leaf for ever
Down with the white and yellow flag, and those who try
[to sever —
Canadians from their fealty to Britain's lawful King,
Loud let our song of triumph swell, and make Heaven's
[arches ring,
We do not bow to Rome !

Canadians will jog along many decades before the realization of their dream of national greatness, if persistent in fostering race hatred and religious bigotry. Great breadth of mind untrammelled by prejudices of any sort, and intelligent cosmopolitanism are indispensable for the assimilation of armies of immigrants representing various races who find their way to the Dominion, or at least to keep those who do go. It is a matter of history that of



Habitants at a political meeting — Quebec.



the two million immigrants who landed in Canada during the last decade, one million cannot be accounted for. They have disappeared mysteriously like the lost tribe. Evidently they have come over the line to the States, where more opportunities to better themselves can be found, and where language prejudice and religious intolerance are seldom seen anywhere from New-York to San Francisco.





PART THIRD

Future of Canada and the French Race

CHAPTER I

A dream that may not materialize as dreamed.—
Independence and Annexation.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA is big enough to care for six hundred million human beings, with plenty of food and elbow room to spare. She has inexhaustible natural resources of everything found on and in the earth, and in the waters about and in the air above the earth. Take your choice from forests to farm land ; from beasts to birds ; from all minerals known to blue clay, and from a whale to a minnow.

Truly, the possibilities of Canada appear limitless, but there is often what seems an insurmountable distance between actuality and possibility. All depends on men and conditions. The United States built up a mighty nation of ninety millions in one hundred and thirty six years. Canada

would unquestionably be satisfied with the same result in one hundred and fifty years. She begins her upward movement with about the same population credited to the States in 1776, but here the comparison ends. In the new Republic, we find a strong-willed and ambitious people beginning housekeeping on their own account. Independence and liberty are theirs and the best of prospects loom up on all sides. Trappings and tomfoolery incidental to monarchical rule were thrown to the wind, and life began under entirely new conditions. The past was killed very dead and nothing but the present and the future remained. The world knows to-day how that present and that future were utilized. Intelligent and energetic individualism begotten of freedom overcame every obstacle, and, out of a dormant colony, built up a colossal Republic now dominant in the two Americas.

Canada has begun her upward journey under many favorable conditions that were lacking at the birth of our Republic. Her

seven millions of people are hardy, intelligent, energetic and comparatively well to do. Her railway system, reaching from Ocean to Ocean, is superior to many and second to none in the World, and her steamships go out to every sea. The country is prosperous, and immigrants are coming to her shores at the rate of half a million a year.

So far so good, but let it be borne in mind that Canada is only a Colony enjoying autonomy by the grace of grandmama across the sea. While practically independent she is not, in the broad sense of the term, a free agent. There is a guiding hand in the rear that says: right, left, about face, forward, march, halt, wait a while 'till I see. Implicit obedience to these various commands is required and given. Now that sort of dependence can by no means accelerate the work projected.

Yes, progress must necessarily be slow, first owing to the reason just given, and then to the lack of harmony between the

two races in the older provinces. The two million French Canadians refuse to be bulldozed by dragonnades from the English majority. They have no fear of the East, but look at the growing West with alarm. They believe, and rightly too, that an increasing majority hostile to their language and race forshadow their ultimate route, as a powerful political factor in the Dominion. There is a pulling apart here which is not conducive to an aggressive policy of national growth, the dream of far-reaching Canadian statesmen. But no doubt should be entertained as to the ultimate partial realization of that dream. English gold, pluck, perseverance and wonderful commercial genius can transform alkali deserts into gardens, and a towering mountain of naked rocks into a fertile valley. However, it can hardly be the big dream dreamed but a very substantial dream for all that.

An increase of about three millions in Canada is most probable during the coming decade, that is, if fifty per cent of the

immigrants remain in the country. Canadian optimism goes farther than that, and places the figures at fifteen and even twenty millions. Ridiculous of course. But these young and ambitious Canadians are afflicted with the swelled head. They really and seriously think themselves quite big—a civilizing agent of very great weight. A moment's reflection would disclose the important fact that they have lost their reckoning; that they are in reality next to nothing in the scale of conspicuous human achievements.

However, a young and vigorous nation of ten millions, with prospects of larger growth and greater wealth, has to be reckoned with. But when the ten millions have been reached, what then? Will Canada be then at, or is she not already within sight of the parting of the way?

Diplomats and economists who have been watching, with clear brain and wide open eyes, the multitudinous and mysterious manœuvering over the political checker-board of Europe, know in their

inner souls that the fate of England is now hanging upon a thread. One battle lost in the North Sea and the practical destruction of her fleet will bring that proud and mighty nation to her knees, and the subsequent collapse of the Empire. The logical sequence of such an event, by no means improbable, would be the independence of Canada, the birth of a new nation. A nation of say ten million people alongside of a colossal Republic of a hundred millions. A Republic whose dream is to see the Stars and Stripes float over the Continent of North America.

With the British Empire buried in the North Sea or some other seas, it becomes at once evident that the existence of Canada as an integral power is wholly at the mercy of her big neighbor. While not wanting in magnanimity Uncle Sam always attends to business first and to pleasure afterwards. Canada will be given opportunities and time to come into the fold. Persistence in holding back will do no good, and resistance would be madness.



Right Honorable Robert L. Borden,
Premier of Canada.

The fable of the wolf and the lamb is still in print, and will be found interesting reading to Canadians. Annexation of Canada by the United States, by peaceful means or otherwise, seems to me inevitable and for the ultimate good of the two countries. The Union Jack will meet with the fate of the flag of France in North America. Furthermore, I expect to see the day when the talented statesman, the Right Honorable Robert L. Borden, now Premier of Canada, will find himself comfortably installed as a cabinet minister in Washington.



CHAPTER II

The material side of Quebec. — Roads and railways.

A GLANCE at the material side of Quebec may be found interesting. In the first place the old Province with the Territory of Ungava annexed is the largest in the Dominion and larger than France, Germany and the British Isles combined. The last census gives a population of over two millions. About one million seven hundred thousand are of French descent and speak the French language. The king of rivers, the majestic St. Lawrence, winds its way through the Province from West to East down to the Gulf. The land and buildings owned by Quebec farmers are estimated at three hundred and sixty millions, and the value of field crops for 1910 foots up to ninety-five millions. The six hundred and forty-one farmers' clubs in the province have a membership of sixty thousand, and twenty-one thousand farmers are members of seventy-eight agricultural societies. The available land for

settlement comes up to seventy-five million acres. There are nearly three thousand factories and creameries.

The timber supply—the recently annexed territory is not included here—of soft and hard wood is estimated at one hundred and sixty-five billion feet ; thirty - five billion cords of pinewood and thirty billion cords of pulp-wood. The whole is estimated to be worth five hundred millions. There are over forty-five thousand lumbermen employed. Quebec is the chief spruce producing province. In 1911 nineteen pulp and paper companies with a total capitalization of forty-one million seven hundred thousand dollars were in operation in Quebec. The forest land is estimated at one hundred and thirty-five million acres and brings to the Government a revenue of over a million a year.

There were in 1905 nearly five thousand manufacturing establishments with a capital of two hundred and fifty-five millions, and an output of three hundred and nineteen millions. More than forty-seven

millions were paid to one hundred and nineteen thousand employees. The hydraulic power in Quebec — 17,075,939 — is double that of all the other provinces combined. The value of mining product is estimated at nearly six millions, and two million ninety-four thousand three hundred and fifty-seven dollars were paid to six thousand three hundred and twenty-five workingmen in 1908. There are twelve Banks in the Province with a paid up capital of forty-seven millions in round figures.

The English language has the best and most voluminous vocabulary in stock for swearing purposes than any language I know. This may be accounted for from the fact that English is the language of heavy commerce and of the masses, where forcible language is most frequently used. Now if I ever hear of any man of English speech boasting of a car tour over the Quebec roads with his mouth shut, I shall stamp him forthwith as the champion liar of the world. Good roads in Quebec,

especially in the early Spring, are as rare as roses in a desert.

There is, however, a man at the head of affairs in the Province who is the right man in the right place, at the right time. Sir Lomer Gouin is a progressive man—a tenacious man of deeds. He has done much for the material and educational progress of his Province, and as he most probably will continue in power, his good work will go right on.

His Government is up and at it, trying to get out of the mud in good earnest. The pretty sum of ten millions has recently been appropriated for road improvements and a fine boulevard is now being built through a rich farming country, from Montreal to Rouses Point on the northern frontier of New-York.

Railway facilities are also lacking in Quebec. The mileage of this province is hardly half that of Ontario. This is to be deplored, in as much as colonization of the fertile land of the North must necessarily proceed at a very slow pace



Sir Lomer Gouin.

without the iron horse in the fore, and colonization is the most urgent need of Quebec.

Montreal like Chicago and Milton's Paradise Lost is a mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous. Viewed from the heights of Mont Royal, all about to every point under the rich blue sky, down to a far horizon of more sombre tints, the majestic beauties of the landscape illuminate the soul with an enthusiasm akin to sublimity. Then the eye leaving the regions overhead slowly sweeps over a seemingly endless forest of houses, high and low, of cross covered domes and steeples and princely buildings half hidden down below amongst the trees of the mountain; and again, coming to the immediate vicinity, lingers with reverence over magnificent cities of the dead.

The ridiculous and annoying side of the picture looms up in the way of outrageously ill-paved and dirty streets. There are quite a number of streets and a few squares where imposing buildings are found,

but a few hours' touring through the city discloses the fact that the commercial metropolis of Canada is in the making. The making is, however, going on fast and furious. Tearing down and building up here, there and everywhere. Much of the dust one sees flying about in clouds of more or less dimension is the dust of labor fanned by the breath of energy and activity. When the old gives place to the new, there must be a shaking of things. Old Montreal is going, melting, sinking away out of sight, and new Montreal is coming up like a vengeance. This city has doubled its population in ten years and at its present rate of increase, Boston and St. Louis will be left in the rear in three years. At the end of the present decade, it is not at all improbable that the names of the largest cities in North America will be given in this order : New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Montreal. From five hundred thousand to a million in a decade is the dream of the big and ambitious city in the Province of Quebec.

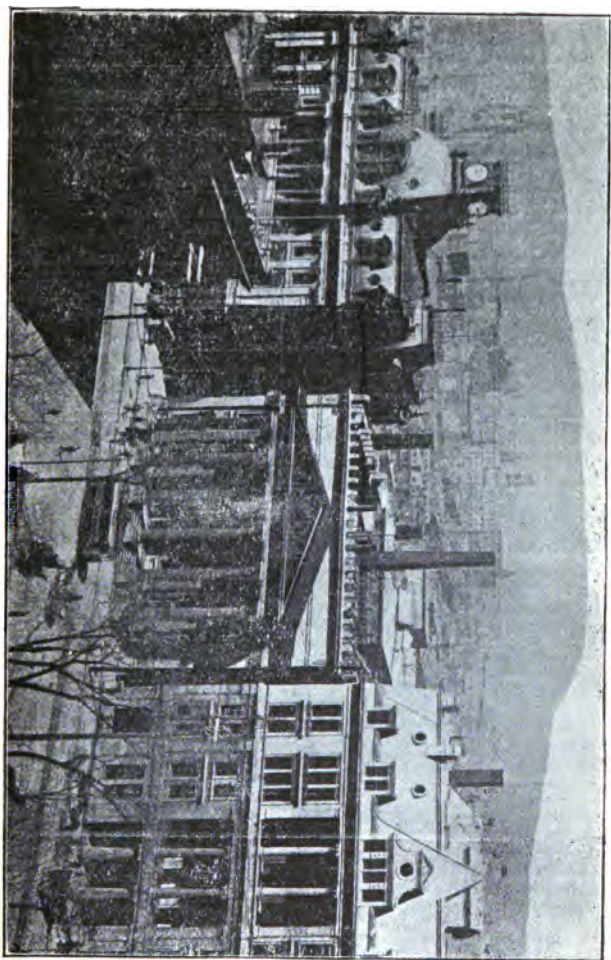
Now, we will all agree that a city increasing at the rate of fifty thousand a year must necessarily raise considerable dust. Optimism is a great thing, it is the inextinguishable, unerring lighthouse of the hardy and ambitious, and the Montrealer is optimistic from head top to heels.

One of the most interesting features to be met with in Montreal is the bilingual feature. Of the supposed population of five hundred thousand, the French speaking citizens including the France French, the Belgians and the Swiss, claim about three hundred and thirty thousand. The remaining one hundred and seventy thousand may be approximately divided into one hundred and thirty thousand of English speech, such as English, Irish and Scotch, and forty thousand Jews, Italians and Germans, with a sprinkling of every nationality under the sun.

The English element dominate the French in high finance and commercial influence. They have a much greater amount of capital invested in manufactures

and industries of all sorts. The French, however, have been doing pretty well with the capital available. The great French Canadian financier, Sir Rodolphe Forget, is doing much to stimulate his countrymen to a higher standard of commercial endeavors, by inducing capitalists from Paris and elsewhere to invest their overflowing surplus gold in Montreal and other parts of Canada.

Political power in Montreal as in the whole Province of Quebec is entirely in the hands of French Canadians, and it is of the utmost import that it should remain such in the interest of their race and language. Of thirty-one councilmen, twenty-eight are French, and the same proportion is held in most of the elective offices in the city. The Chiefs of Police and Fire Department are of the same race also. French Mayors could very well succeed themselves indefinitely, had not French chivalry willed it otherwise. The high position of chief magistrate of the city is held alternately by a French, English



Sectional view of Montreal.

and Irish Canadian. Being an American of French and English descent, whoever is elected mayor of Montreal must necessarily be something of a compatriot of mine. Yet, I must say it in all sincerity, French Canadian chivalry will cease to meet with grateful appreciation, should the tables ever be turned with the Britishers on top. An English majority would never consent to the election of a French Mayor in Montreal. And as to the Irish, history shows no record of an Irishman having died of gratitude.

The common class of immigrants take more readily to English than French in Montreal. The Jews for instance are English in speech and sympathy, although most of them speak passably good French. It is, however, my candid opinion that French Canadians will hold more than their own in Montreal as well as in Quebec. It will be many years, if ever, before immigration can be diverted from the West to the East. Meanwhile the Eastern English speaking Provinces shall have to be

contented with a natural increase, which will in all probability continue to fall far below that of Quebec.



CHAPTER III

Important statistics. — A Republic and other dreams. —
The Tricolor and the Church.

FRENCH CANADIANS are very proud of their large families and of the longevity of their members. Families of twenty children are not rare in Quebec, and an average of eight children to every family in the Province would be a conservative estimate. Here are some statistics I gathered from French Canadian parents in some of the rural districts and three cities of Quebec, and from farmers and workingmen of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. In rural Quebec I found that five hundred and fifty-three children had been born in fifty families. Of this number one hundred and seventeen died, ten had gone to the States, five studied for the priesthood, four were nuns and twenty were engaged in business or followed some professions. The remaining three hundred and ninety-seven worked on the farms. The number of births in the same number of families

in the cities of Quebec, Trois-Rivières and Montreal averaged five hundred and two.

The number of children born in fifty families of farmers in Ontario came up to two hundred and fifty-nine. There were forty-seven deaths, and eighty-two had gone to the cities and the West, leaving one hundred and thirty on the farms. I found that two hundred and sixty-three children had been born in fifty families of the well to do working class in Toronto. The Maritime Provinces made about the same showing as Ontario. I am speaking here of families of English speech only. There were five hundred and sixty-one children born in fifty families of French speech or Acadians in New Brunswick—a better showing than Quebec. I met fifteen centenarians in Quebec and Ontario. Amongst these was the son of a soldier of Waterloo. He is now 103 years old, straight as an arrow, hale and hearty. His name is Athanase Rocray and his abiding place, Berthierville, Quebec.

Now it will be seen by the foregoing



Sir Rodolphe Forget.

that the French Canadian Birth rate exceeds by about one hundred per cent that of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Should French Canadian mothers keep up their enviable reputation for three score years, and the English speaking provinces of the East fail to make a better showing in the future than in the past, the result is easily foreseen. An Eastern French Canada against a Western English Canada. However, quite a number of ifs are to be met with in connection with such a hypothesis. Aside from a high birth rate other things are required to overcome English stubbornness, whether from a majority or a minority. French Canadians must meet stubbornness with stubbornness, arrogance with arrogance, aggression with aggression, boldness with boldness and stupidity with cleverness. Dissensions and petty jealousies manifestly rampant in the Province, should cease forever and give place to a bold and patriotic unit. No time should be spent in tickering over nothing. The most urgent need is a concentration of

strength in the Province through colonization, and again colonization. The scattering of the race in the West is equivalent to emigration to the States. Quebec is the place and only place for the expansion of the race and a corresponding increase of strength and power. A source of weakness to Quebec is a lack of technical education. Most of the young men I met in the Province engaged in engineering works, were of English speech and quite a number of them came from Ontario. Quebec young men have a weakness for liberal professions. There is here an idle, poverty-stricken army of lawyers, doctors, notaries, and the like ; and again an other army of seekers of shadows, sentimental loafers and penurious sons of those everlasting old families of yesterday. Meanwhile seventy-five million acres of farm land are waiting for the plow. However, all this rubbish will eventually be utilized or swept away, and Quebec will continue her march upward.

I frequently heard it stated that French

Canadians aim at the establishment of a Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is said to be the dream of the talented Bourassa, head of the Nationalists. Only a dream of course. Yet, I must say that a French Republic in Quebec seems to me as probable as the existence of Canada as an independent nation. The morsel is too tempting for Uncle Sam to let go, and then it would be so easy to swallow it and digest it in due time.

French Canadians, all Canadians for that matter, have an exaggerated opinion of England as a military power. They always think of the England of Trafalgar and Waterloo. They seem to have no recollection of the South African war, when the whole Empire had to be summoned to her help, to overcome her repeated defeats at the hands of twenty thousand farmers.

The prestige of England has fallen quite low since that war, and she is not now resting on a bed of roses. She is facing economic conditions at home such as

existed in France before the Revolution, and the nightmare of German invasion leaves her no peace for one good, quiet sleep. She has to lean on France for safety, while throwing out in the neighboring seas, barricades of dreadnoughts. But all her dreadnoughts without a Nelson to command them will probably not make the good showing expected against the combined fleets of Germany, Austria and Italy. The fate of the British Empire hangs on a thread, as I said before, and, as a logical sequence, the fate of the Dominion of Canada hangs on a hair held by Uncle Sam.

While I met a great many well educated men in Quebec who favored annexation, most French Canadians however are opposed to it. They take the ground that such a political union spells the ultimate extinction of the French language in the Province. They seem to overlook the fact that the solid and rapidly growing English West with the English majority East are working to that very end, and with uncon-



Typical French Canadian family in rural Quebec.

cealed aggressiveness, too. The simple fact of the matter is that the perpetuity of the French idiom in the old Province rests exclusively with the people themselves. The American people, and much less American statesmen, would never oppose, but most likely encourage the expansion of the French tongue in Quebec. Our Republic would welcome and appreciate the civilizing influences of a little France in her midst. The French language is left to go on its own way and prosper in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont and Illinois. A French Canadian is Governor of Rhode Island, and other more or less important offices, such as that of Mayor, District Attorney, Councilman, etc., are held by man of the same race throughout New England. In quite a number of minor towns in the Eastern States, French Canadians are the controlling element.

The one million French Canadians in the States stand as a unit for annexation. The tremendous industrial and commercial

activity ensuing from the influx of unlimited American capital and modernism, would bring a great percentage of these Canadians back to their native Province. There would then be no lack of opportunities to lift up ambitious young men, from obscurity and inertia to a life of activity with wealth and fame as a frequent sequel.

Now, to my way of thinking, a French Republic in Quebec is an impossibility: an independent Canada would meet with an early death, and the colony with the Empire gone ceases to have a *raison d'être*. Canada is then left with only one course to follow, namely, to bow to the inevitable, and extend a cheerful grasp to the mightiest of Republics.

Now let me assume the gift of prophecy. Whatever may be in store for Canada, the unique and picturesque people of Quebec and their musical idiom as well, shall keep right on expanding in and beyond the old Province.

Here is an article, descriptive of a

sadly magnificent spectacle I witnessed in Montreal in June 1911, and which left a deep impression upon my mind.

The clipping was handed to me by a traveling companion, a traveled and well bred Englishman — such Englishmen are the most delightful companions in the world — with the following request: “Please read this. It is one of the most delightful bits of descriptive work I have read for some time.” It is certainly a little *chef-d'œuvre*, and I enjoyed reading it the more, in as much as I had been an eye witness of the scenes so graphically depicted by the author, Albert Lozeau.

The burning church, now being rebuilt, and the victorious French Tricolor seemed to symbolize the conquest, the struggles and the final triumph of the French race, language and religion in Quebec.

I publish the original French for the benefit of students of that language:—

“Je sais un drapeau français qui s'est bien conduit.

Hissé depuis la St-Jean-Baptiste sur le

fronton de mon église paroissiale, il a bravé sans une brûlure les flammes d'un monstrueux brasier.

Le temple flambait. De la base au faîte, ce n'était que tourbillons d'étincelles et colonnes de feu. La coupole croulait par morceaux et la toiture crevait ; par les orifices se ruait en sifflant un affreux vent rouge. D'énormes pièces d'acier, tordues comme des allumettes calcinées, s'effondraient en un fracas horrible. Des plaques de cuivre d'une phosphorescence verdâtre, à demi fondues, volaient pareilles à des bardeaux lumineux. Sous le ciel rose, la fumée large éployait un voile opaque où passaient des tisons incandescents. Tout crépitait épouvantablement. Les pompes à vapeur retentissaient de vibrations et de sifflements lugubres, et l'édifice se consumait aux exclamations sourdes de la foule. De temps en temps, d'immenses langues cramoisies serpentaient par les ouvertures et léchaient les murs de pierre. Le brasier éclairait la nuit d'une lueur infernale.

La foudre toute seule avait fait cela.



Athanase Rccray, 103 years old,
Berthierville, Que.

Un éclair rapide avait touché le toit, et l'église s'anéantissait.

Entre deux clochetons latéraux, frôlé par la poussière ardente, au-dessus de la fournaise dont la chaleur empourprait au loin les visages, le drapeau français battait au vent.

De l'énorme cuve en ébullition montaient des vagues pourpres et jaunes, et des lances de flammes aiguës. Le drapeau français battait au vent !

Sur la frénésie du feu, sur le sinistre incendie que rien n'apaisait, sur la rage de l'élément féroce, le drapeau français battait au vent !

Dans le firmament ébloui, où fuyaient des milliers de petites étoiles, dans les cris d'angoisses et les appels rauques, en pleine catastrophe, seul dans le danger, chiffon tricolore intrépide, le drapeau français battait au vent.

Aujourd'hui, il n'y a plus que des ruines où se posent les oiseaux. Dans les clochetons, les cloches sont mortes. Des fragments de structure déformée dessinent leurs

silhouettes désolantes. Un pilier solitaire se dresse, intact, au milieu de l'enceinte. Où était le dôme s'arrondit la coupole des cieux. Le silence habite le temple ouvert où les orgues nouvelles avaient hier chanté. . . .

Mais, comme une espérance dominant la tristesse, seul entre les clochetons latéraux, joyeux dans la brise qui le rend sonore, sans une brûlure à ses plis triomphants, le drapeau français flotte encore."

(TRANSLATION)

I know a French flag which has behaved gloriously.

Raised on St. John the Baptist's Day on the pediment of my parish church, it stood unscorched by the flames of a monstrous conflagration.

The whole sacred edifice was a prey to the flames. From its highest pinnacle to its very foundations, nothing could be seen but columns of fire and a whirling of sparks. The coupola was crumbling



French Canadian guide in Northern Quebec.

bit by bit, and the roof, eaten by the fire, burst open everywhere and through the orifices thus made, the red flames broke with a frightful, whistling sound. Big blocks of steel, blackened and twisted like burnt matches, crashed through the building with a horrible din. Plates of copper, emitting a green phosphorescent light, half melted, whirled through the air like luminous shingles. Beneath the rose-tinted sky, there hung a heavy, opaque cloud of smoke through which burning firebrands rushed to and fro. The whole building crackled ominously. The steam pumps vibrated and hissed lugubriously, and the crowd uttered muffled cries and exclamations as they saw the edifice being slowly consumed. Now and then immense crimson tongues, serpent-shaped, burst through the openings and licked the granite walls. The seething furnace lit up the blackness of the night with an infernal light.

A single stroke of lightning had caused all this ruin. A rapid flash had touched

the roof and the church was being slowly destroyed.

Between two lateral bell-turrets. closely beset by the burning dust, above the fiery furnace whose heat flushed the faces of distant beholders, the French flag floated in the wind.

From the enormous vat in ebullition ascended purple and yellow waves and sharp tongues of flames. The French flag floated in the wind !

Over the frenzy of the fire, over the sinister conflagration which nothing could appease. over the raging and ferocious element, the French flag floated in the wind.

In the blue azure of the skies, dotted with myriads of little stars, amid cries of anguish and hoarse shouts, at the very heart of the catastrophe, isolated and contemptuous of danger, intrepid tricolored cloth, the French flag floated in the wind.

Today, nothing is left but bird haunted ruins. In their towers the bells are bushed for ever. Fragments of the building,

lonely and desolate, show their formless outlines against the sky. A solitary pillar, intact, stands within the enclosure. Where the dome of the church once stood, nothing is seen but the blue expanse of heaven — silence broods over the ruined temple where yesterday the organ rang with songs of praise and adoration.

But like a note of hope dominating this symphony of sadness, standing alone between the lateral bell-turrets, sonorous in the joyous breeze, its triumphant folds unscorched, the French flag is still floating."

The talented writer might have, seen but a short distance from the burning temple, another flag which floats at this writing over 400,000,000 human beings scattered in every part of the Globe, over an area of more than eleven million square miles. It was the Union Jack flying from an unpretentious staff. The grand old flag now in full swing, angrily shaking its

colors at the conflagration, and then slowly falling and rising in seeming sympathy with the Tricolor, its ancient enemy, but now its best friend and ally.

Now, I will conclude with a bow, a most respectful bow, to Eastern Canadian mothers — the representatives of all that is sane, wholesome and enobling in domestic life.



French Race in Quebec in 1760.
French Race in Quebec in 1911.

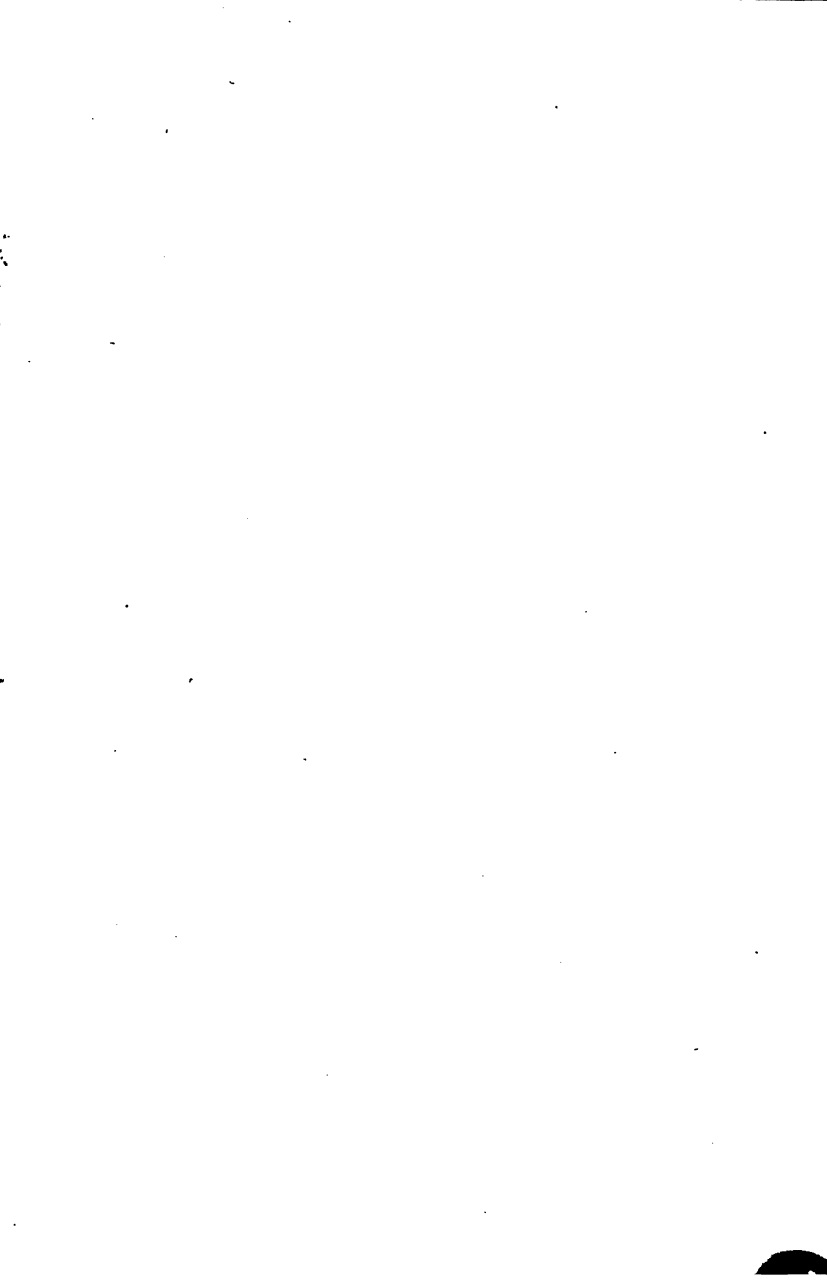
Britishers in Quebec in 1911.

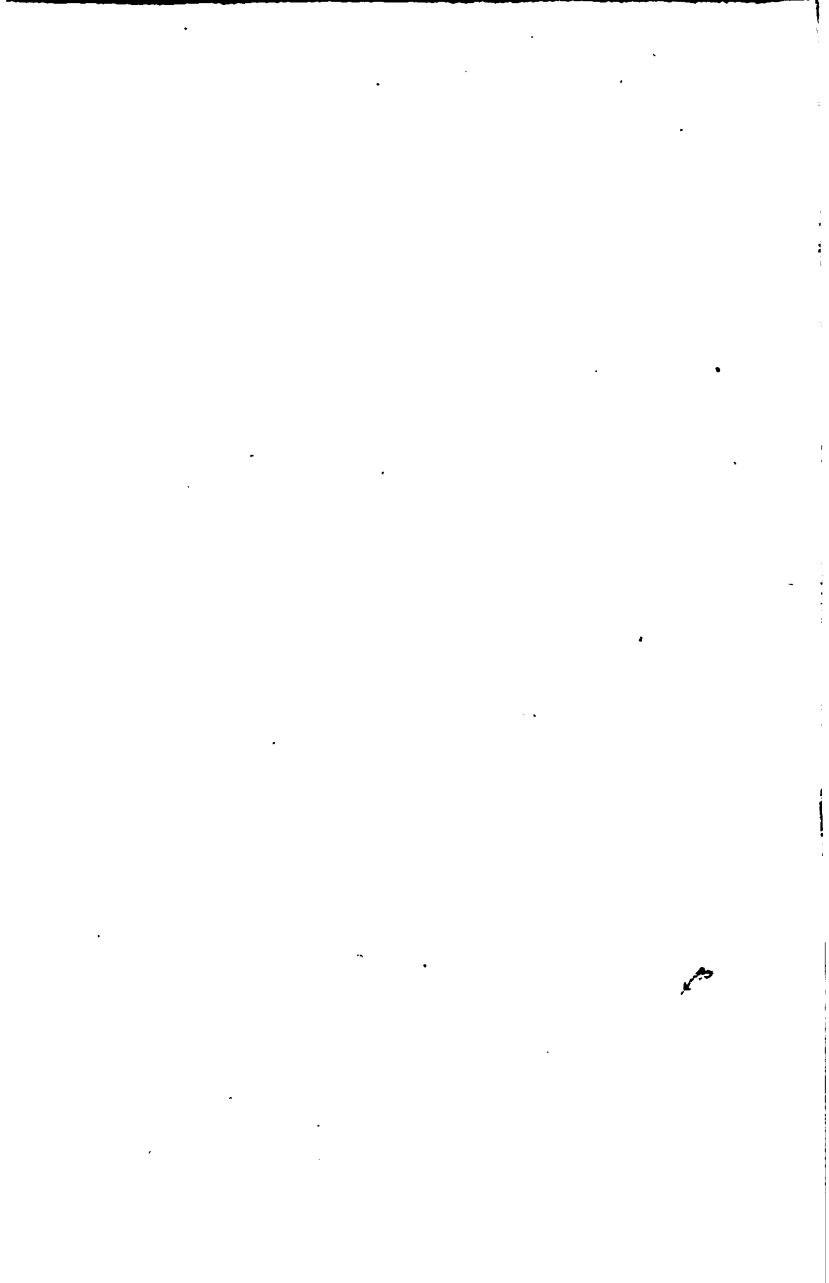
French Race in Eastern Canada in 1911.
Britishers in Eastern Canada in 1911.

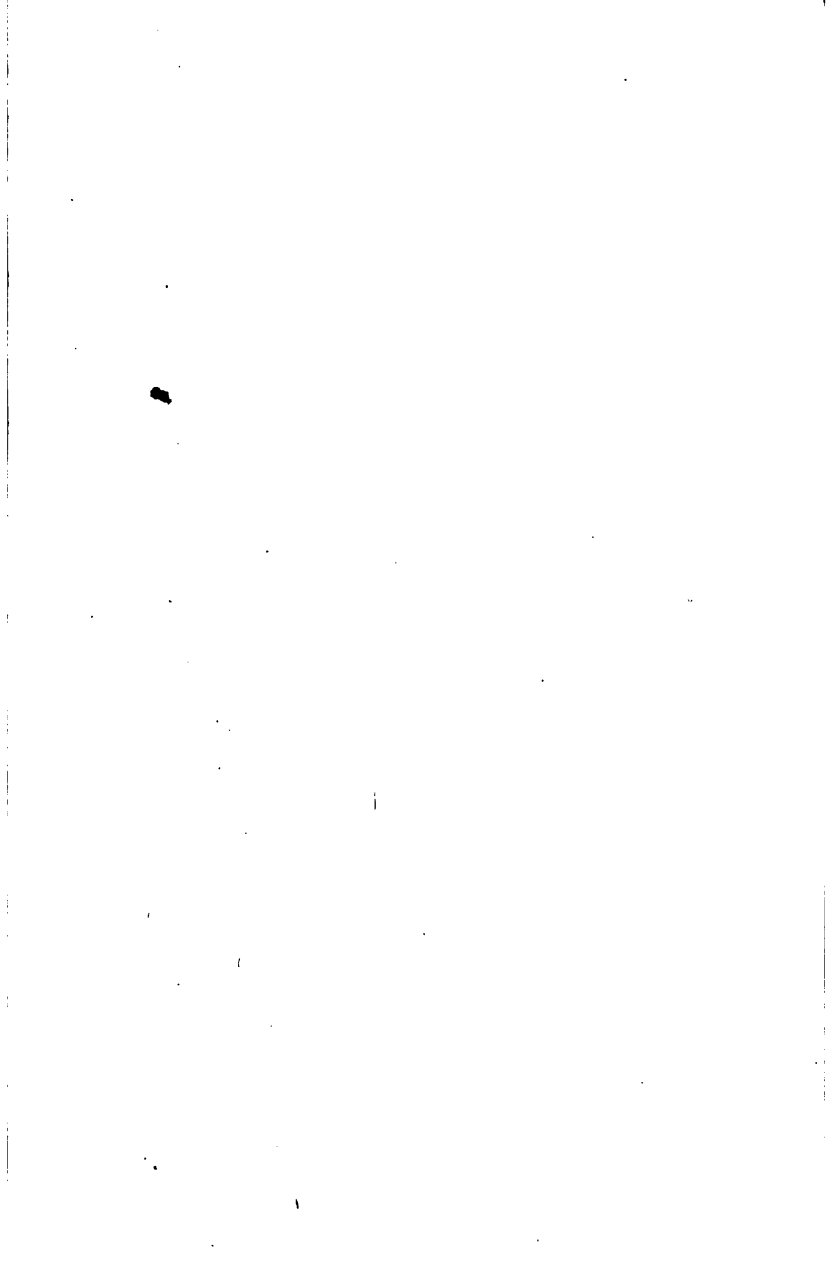
Comparative numerical standing of the French and
British races in Eastern Canada.

ERRORS

PAGE	LINE	READ	FOR
11	9	Spring	spring
17	12	English	english
25	10	this	these
25	19	pursuit	poursuit
40	12	this is a	this a
58	14	seemingly	simingly
81	4	eat	do
88	23	differs	differ
89	8	speak	spoke
148	16	fallow	fellow







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